WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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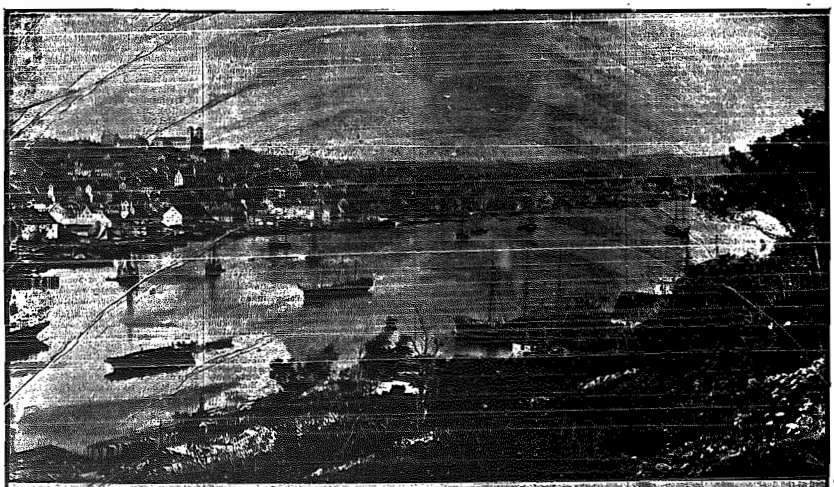

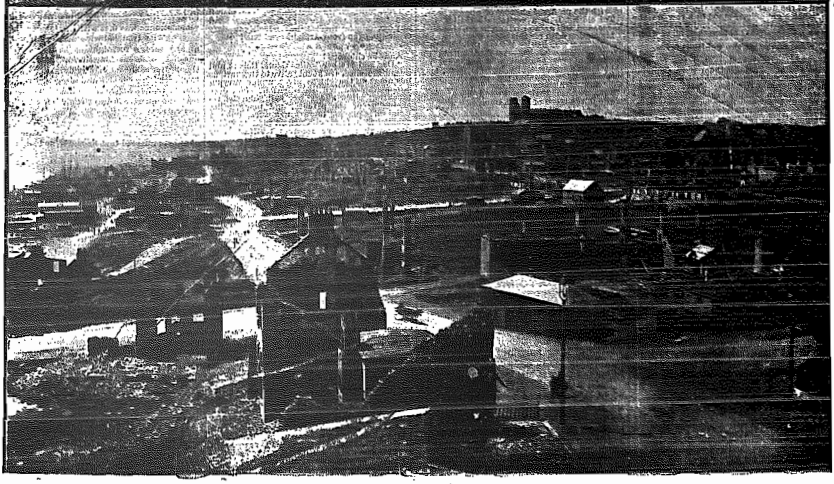

ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND, BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE.

ST. JOHN'S I.

(NEWFOUNDLAND)

Corps History.

A ROUSING OPENING—HARD FIGHTING—NO HALL—TURN OF THE TIDE—WHAT THE JUDGE SAID—BRILLIANT VICTORIES AND A TRIUMPHANT RECORD.

BY MRS. CAPT. EBERT, READ.

"Jesus hated as much as ever. Mobbed through the streets. Our house besieged. God with us."

Thus ran the first telegram received at Headquarters in the last of January, 1896, when St. Johns, Nfld., was formally opened by the Salvation Army. It was not exactly the first time the Army songs had been sung, or the blood-and-fire standard unfurled, for Ensign and Mrs. Dawson had previously conducted some meetings while in the city on a visit, and had met with marked success. Many souls had died for mercy, a number of whom are serving God to-day. But when the

D. O. and Four Hallelujah Lassies Arrived

they found the hall which had been promised closed to them. There was nothing for it but to take to the open air. Some of the timorous were not to be daunted by a small difficulty such as a closed hall.

The first meeting then was held on an old military parade ground known as "The Barrows." It was a fearful fight, we quote from the *Canadian Advance* for that year.

"A howling mob broke up that first open-air meeting. Women threatened and slapped on the face our lassies, heaping on them epithets the vilest calumny.

For a time it seemed as though all would stand aside by and see the devoted little band done to death by the sin-stricken crowd they had come to save.

At last the honor, the pity of the Island was touched. The press took up the matter. No people stand aside and see this devotion and self-sacrifice

Hounded to Death,

and the reaction set in. No need to rent a building. Soon one was purchased, and as soon as the roof and floor was placed on the roof and Calvary's Christ lifted up within a wave of Salvation swept the place, and sinners by hundreds flocked to His feet and found pardon and cleansing in the blood. Soon some of the very worst of the mob were marching in our ranks and lifting up Jesus to their old companions.

The good work did not cease with the old times, but ever since a mighty work has been going on, and as a counsel of this corps said the other day in speaking of its relationship to the out-lying corps, "They come here, get saved, get of the fire from old No. 1, and then want to work." A revival broke out in these places as a result, souls were saved, and

Headquarters Besieged for Officers.

So that the work which commenced in cottage prayer meetings has spread from one end of the Island to the other. Not only is there a standing local corps fighting on night after night and souls saved, but this has led to quite a recruiting ground for many places on the Island and other parts of the field.

No period night has been seen in the barracks that was witnessed by an interested crowd at the final meeting of the recent consecrate, when eight officers stood in a row on the platform with the sergeant-major standing as one who had served with the colors all of whom

Were Saved at the Penitent-form,

and who are to-day spreading the fame of Gilead's balm. Amongst them were Captains Fury, Freemont, Trimble, Chaplin, and Cooley; Lieuts. Soper and Hopkins. There are many others. Some in Canada are standing by the colors under the Cross. There are those several who have crossed the river and gone home triumphantly to receive a soldier's welcome home.

Among those whose names will be well known to WAR CRY readers was Mrs. Adjt. Jewer, who, after fighting faithfully as soldier and officer, died in the faith and had an impressive Army funeral.

Lieut. Clem Churchill also found a Saviour here; while Lieut. Thorn, who was a

Wild, Reckless Young Man,

before God met him at No. 1, penitent form, will praise God through all eternity that he ever heard the Gospel story in the place that has been converted from a chair-making mill to a saint-making factory.

One more of the many we must note before passing on. Emma Karle, Recruit roll No. 86, points to the fact that Sister Karle was one of the first converts. She was for years a faithful soldier, until during the command of Adjt. Taylor she was called up higher. Here, too, was a wonderful funeral. It is estimated that by her death, as her life, she brought sinners to her Saviour.

Amongst the crowd of soldiers who call No. 1 corps by that mystical, fascinating name "home," no doubt there are many who, like Sergt.-Major Barter, pause oftentimes in their daily avocation and exclaim,

"Can It be Possible! Am I the same Man I used to be?"

The Sergt.-Major, whose wife is one of the first soldiers, and who had a hallelujah wedding, has been a hard one. His sister, who has since died a happy death, used to attend the meetings in its infancy, and had a sorry time to commend her brother, the Sergt.-Major. But a Roman Catholic friend at last induced Bro. B. to attend the meetings. This friend, though not saved, wrote to S.-M. Barter a short time ago advising him to

Go on and Stick to the Colors.

Needless to say our brother was not sober when he went first to the S.A. He says,

"Many a time I watched John Babcock (sergt.) when he was keeping order, with a bottle in my pocket. But I saw a great change in Bro. Grey (now of Buffalo 1, U. S.) and others. I worked with them, you see, and could not help feeling that there was a wonderful power in the salvation they had got. I signed the pledge scores of times and often asked God to strike me dead if ever I broke it, but God was merciful."

Bro. Barter's has been a thrilling life. He is not the only man or woman "with a story." There are others who have

Become Veterans in the War.

Sergt.-Major Sheary and his good wife, who have given two daughters to the war, Sergt. Leslie who, though young, has gone as far as the Sergt.-Major, was captured in time to save him from a drunkard's experience.

Sergt. Badcock is another of the first soldiers, being the first to wear uniform in the city.

For Seven Years had not Missed Meeting

when at home. He delights in the time when he was floor keeping order in the house of God.

There are others whose names is legion, but they march, sing, fight, pray and, yes—dance too.

No. 1 barracks is situated some distance from the district, so utterly destroyed by the devouring fire last December which laid waste a large portion of the city.

Among large number of officers, who with their respective aides have taken charge of this fortress are many who are well-known therein. Capt. Phillips (now Mrs. Capt. Connett) was the first. Capt. Yorke, who visited fifty-two soldiers the day after he took charge. Adjt. Taylor, Captains Gardner, Fry, Jennings, with others during session.

There has been a great change in the

Attitude of the Police

towards the Army since the opening. It is now no unusual occurrence for the procession to be guarded by the police officers.

Some time ago some arrests were made of men who insulted Sergts. Badcock and Sergt. Juniors' march. Judge Prowse in summing up the case said to the prisoners, "I will protect the Salvation Army just as far as the law will allow me. If you want the Salvation Army in prosper, they stand and work at them; if you want them to sell their WAR CRYS, protect them, let them sell the WAR CRYS, but if you want them to die out, let them alone. Why, Cardinal Moran's people are the best of the Catholic Church—speaks highly of them. I will fine you heavily

If You Look Sideways

at the Army. I will give the next man who comes before me six months."

God bless the Judge and the police force!

Captain Alward, the present officer is having victory, and nightly there is a crowd of penitents at the form. Souls are being saved, drinkers in the words of life. Some of them are falling in with the profited chances of mercy.

The old No. 1 is a veritable salvation hot-house, and still greater triumphs are ahead.

My feelings will for this time cease with that every officer who has led it forth to battle, that every soldier who has marched within its walls that every penitent who has wept over their heart's sorrow at its historic form, may be enabled to so live and so fight that at every company "which no man can number," who "have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

THE REMEMBRANCER.

The Rescue Wing.

Notes of a Tour in the Interests of the Above, by

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Simcoe.

WAR CRY readers have certainly had ample time to sharpen their appetites for news of the Rescue Work since last it was reported. Not that there has been little to report, but rather that our time was more actively engaged in the actual furtherance of the work than in contemplation of it. We have been suitably reminded of our duties in neglecting reports of late, but we trust the quality of the work done will prove sufficient excuse for our slackness thereto.

* * *

Everyone knows that Mrs. Booth is now responsible for the leadership of this portion of Salvation warfare, and certainly the proverbial grass will find no chance of development wherever there is a Home which looks to her for direction and supervision. New plans and new schemes, new discipline and new methods are rapidly advancing, and each community affected thereby is reaping the pleasing results.

* * *

Further, from each of the matrons in charge come pleasing and happy reports of work that is done in the rescue of the lost.

At Montreal one of the recent captures was so wrought on by the Holy Spirit that she could not rest, and in the small hours of the night the Captain and Lieutenant knees to pray and point the seeking penitent to the One Who alone can forgive sin, and Who ever faithful and just, relieved her of the weary load and spoke peace to her storm-tossed soul.

* * *

At St. John, N. B., also the work goes steadily on. At Christmas time some of the old girls came to the Home to enjoy interviews with their former officers, and to praise God in happy re-union for the way in which He had turned the channel of their lives from sin and darkness to light and holiness.

* * *

From Winnipeg also comes a cheery and hopeful budget of news. The mayor of the city has practically expressed his belief and satisfaction at the work accomplished, by the liberal donation of thirty dollars.

The officers are having good opportunities of work in the prison, and the results are encouraging.

* * *

London has been rejoicing in an extension of Mrs. Booth's attention, owing to the recent councils held there. Ensign Hendricks is about to take charge, and we are looking forward to a time of great and brighter future for the Home in this locality.

* * *

Victoria, although so distant, must not be forgotten. The officers are availing themselves of every opportunity to snatch or judge souls from the jaws of hell. Sergt. Cox has just returned from her volunteer campaign amongst the mining camps of Victoria, and is still burning with love and enthusiasm for Jesus.

* * *

What about Toronto? Ah, now we can speak of what we do see and know. The textindustry is drivingahead. Some of the nestest little rescues imaginable are being turned out. Colonel and Mrs. Mackenzie have both favored us with an order for favorite sections, and all we are waiting for, fair reader, is—yours.

Two, some of these letters have been placed in our hands, but we don't care to send any out on the market but which can defy criticism, even from straight eyed folk!

* * *

And the chickens! "Ma" and "Mother," alias Capts. Robert and Susan Florence, are keenly alive to the various meanings of the chips given under varying circumstances. Now it is a bedstead, now procuring pipes and stove, and then the rearrangement of the furniture and many other items of equal or more importance, but the important item is an established fact, to which the crowing of the roosters testifies each morning.

"Mother" did tell me solemnly that we needed more good laying hens, and I pledged her assistance in the work, to beg them. One good Salvationist at Oakville sent me on my way rejoicing with a couple of black Spanish and a red up my trip, for which I praised the Lord daily.

* * *

Perhaps a word or two in reference to the aforesaid trip would not be out of place. From officers, soldiers, and friends I received very varying kindness. At Hamilton, St. Catherines, Welland, Niagara Falls, and Port Dover, the first mentioned were rapidly. At Port Dover Methodist minister, Rev. Moore, came noisy to our aid and show his approval and sympathy with the Army's work. In each place in fact much interest was evident throughout the meetings, which were necessarily little lengthened.

* * *

Saturday, Sunday, and Monday's campaign at Simcoe I thoroughly enjoyed. I had offices desired to see the town, which thrived under the Canadian name, and to make acquaintance with its favorite habitation. My expectations were surpassed by notabilities.

Of greetings the warmest.

Of sympathy—the deepest.

Of co-operation for the salvation of souls—the most pleasing.

Their faith stimulated mine, and the way in which God answered my prayers, I believe, He gave us the increase, too, for did we not rejoice over three souls saved on Saturday, and another pulpit on Monday, each sex taking their stand. We felt dancing happy, and with recent cold weather, however not before we had an invitation to next summer's picnic!

* * *

Tillsonburg, St. Thomas, Woodstock, and Paris were the next on the list, and we found as it transpired, where we had the pleasure of renewing friendships made on a former visit. We labored hard and faithfully, and were (in some measure) rewarded by seeing one precious soul snatch her way back to the fold.

* * *

In wholesome respect of the Editorial Sceptre, I will refrain from adding more this time.

NETTIE SIMCOE.

My First Convert,

AND

WHAT BECAME OF HIM.

BY CAPT. ETHEL GALE.

The editor wants to know who my first convert was, and what became of him. Well, it's a puzzle to know who he or she really was.

To be sure, there was

A Poor Fellow!

once, who was lying very ill at the hospital at home. I was in the ward visiting some of the patients, for though I had but little spiritual light, pure love of humanity made me do it, take me there. I stopped beside his bed and gave him a message from Jesus—just a verse, (if I remember right, from one of St. John's Epistles). He afterwards gave his heart to God, and before many months had elapsed came a local preacher; but then I don't know whether he would count!

There was a girl too, at the sea-side, the summer after I was sanctified. She was possessed of a lovely nature, and yet one of those paradoxical beings—unfortunately very numerous—a worldly Christian. God mightily took hold of her heart Himself, and used me a little bit in bringing her into the light, where she lives to-day. But, perhaps, the first one I can think of as being more particularly

"My Convert,"

though I wasn't at the meeting the night it came out, was a lad of some sixteen summers who was a pretty regular attendant at the dear old shoe factory in St. John.

He was, on the whole, a fair specimen of perpetual motion, it being seemingly an utter impossibility for him to be quiet and refrain from laughing and talking. Sometimes I hadn't the heart to put him out, for he was so good tempered, and had he but been able to keep unbroken the resolutions he made, would no doubt have made a model of good behavior, but they seemed as easily broken as that poor old hackneyed piece of pie crust we so often hear about.

One night, patience having ceased to be a virtue, I trotted down the aisle, and told him that if he didn't improve, I should certainly be obliged to keep him out.

The Long-Suffering Door Keeper,

however, had been before me, for my mild remonstrance was met with a rejoinder, that I shouldn't be troubled with him any more, for at any rate, a fortnight, as he had been requested to absent himself for that length of time. But as he naively remarked, "I can go to church!" an obvious astounding observation (for it really was quite astounding coming from the quarter it did) I could but reply "Go anywhere you like, only get saved." Poor lad, he had imagined salvation a very dreary piece of business, for his big brother had once in days gone by, protested that he had it, and was such a mournful type of a Christian, that laughing-loving Jim had been tempted to consider that if that was religion, the less he had of it the better.

But at last the love of Jesus broke him down, that wonderful love! He knelt at the form and arose a "new creature in Christ Jesus."

Next day, we went to see him: such an undertaking as it was to get him to pray aloud! but Jesus conquered, hallelujah! he's been praying ever since.

That's about two years ago now. I asked him once, how he was passed at the workshop, (by the bye, he always wears his badge) and he said, at dinner time he goes to the quiet room and reads and prays, and that it seems to the normal of his nature.

He is a Candidate Now,

and (if you would like to see him for yourself why go to St. John, and the first one he sees will likely be Jim. At any rate, he is such a happy, enthusiastic looking, out and out Salvationist, you won't readily mistake him.

And Peter followed afar off.

Come, see a Man which told me all the things that ever I did.

HE HEARD THEIR CRY.

INASMUCH

AS YE DID IT

Unto One of the Least

Of these My Brethren

YE DID IT

UNTO ME.

H. H. Booth, Esq., Commandant:

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find one dollar, which I picked up off the sidewalk out of the rain and slop in the twilight as I returned from knee-drill this morning. It will help you to give some of the needy little ones a warm breakfast.

Since writing the above I feel that I ought to supplement it with another for the same purpose, and therefore send two dollars. And that the Lord may richly bless you and your dear partner in life in your noble work, is the prayer of,

Yours truly in the Vine,

MRS. BOOTH

AT

PETERBORO'.

A Grand Rally at the Barracks Last Night—In the Interests of the Rescue Work—An Immense Attendance.

Mrs Booth has paid a flying visit to Peterboro, and judging by the reports in the newspapers appears as usual to have captivated everyone. We had arranged for a WAR CRY report all to ourselves, but have decided to copy the account from the Peterboro *Daily Examiner* instead. Here it follows:—

Mrs Booth was a red-letter day for the gallant soldiers of the local corps of the Salvation Army, three of the most notable workers in Canada have been in the town, chiefly in the interests of the noble Rescue Work of the Army, which appeals strongly to the sympathies of every Christian heart, and of every home adorned with daughters full of promise, as once were those now lost and fallen and degraded, to rescue whom the Army has

Six Rescue Homes

in different parts of Canada—one each in Toronto, Montreal, London, Victoria, B.C., St. John, N.B., and Winnipeg. These Homes are under the supervision of Mrs. Commandant Booth.

who devotes her time and brilliant talents to the interests of this divinely inspired work. A brief sketch of her life appeared in yesterday's issue, which serves to show how great a sacrifice (from a worldly point of view) Mrs. Booth is making in cutting adrift from the lofty associations of refined life in her native land, and devoting to the arduous work of rescuing the perishing, talents and abilities and mental requirements that would grace the highest circles of society. Mrs. Booth gives her time almost exclusively to the promotion of the material interests of the work with special reference to the needs of the Toronto Home, which was established six years ago, and now shelters fifteen girls rescued from the degradation of a life of shame. The success of this work is funds, and to secure this Mrs. Booth is here in Peterboro. Since her stay in engaged in calling upon the citizens of which, if you refuse, will mean the loss of your money dying and unforgotten the smallest agent of eternity.

Oh, God, no longer reject the striving of the Spirit, but fall in with God's offers of mercy are His Spirit's cause striving with you. This is another chance He offers you. It may be your last, then for your own soul's sake and for the sake of Jesus who shed His life's blood on Calvary for you, yield to the striving of the Spirit now. Your position is similar to that of a man I once read about who went out on the roof to a boat one day, on a part of the river which was calm and placid. At a distance below this point was

A Raging Cataract.

A bridge crossed the river near this point. The man was in no danger, though the current also he would be drawn over the falls.

J. R. STRATTON, Esq., M.P.P.

The opening selection by the band was well played and much appreciated. The platform was well filled with Salvationists who with large and enthusiastic crowds, opened the proceedings. As Mrs. Booth entered, accompanied by Staff-Capts. Bolton and Fry, the soldiers rose en masse, a hallelujah volley was fired, and the calcium light brought into brilliant relief the Salvationist air was sung in a splicted manner, when Staff-Capt. Bolton, superintendent of the Kingston division, offered up the opening prayer. A short testimony was held and several Salvationists testified to the saving power of the Saviour to seek and save the lost and to lead them to Christ. Where the soul is dim and yet the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ into our souls and lives, and to our neighbors, and was the only rock on which to raise our hopes for time and eternity. Mrs. Booth then arose in behalf of the Rescue Home Work in Toronto and Montreal, and spoke of the shattering fallen women. As Staff-Capt. Bolton pointed out that she was to raise funds, she would call upon him to speak a few words in the interest of the work and their pressing necessity for funds, in order to carry it on more effectually and more widely. Staff-Captain Bolton responded to the claims of the Home in Toronto in a brief but pithy speech.

His Entertainer Bearing Much Fruit,

as a collection was then taken up, cards being passed around on which the donor could write the amount of his contribution and name. In this means $15.00 was raised in a few minutes. The Staff-Captain announced that all donations would be thankfully received by addressing Mrs. Commandant Booth, Salvation Temple, Toronto. The needs of the work are great, and the importance should appeal to all.

After the singing of another hymn and the benediction, Mrs. Booth entered, accompanied by Staff-Capts. Bolton and Fry, the soldiers rose en masse, a hallelujah volley was fired, and the calcium light brought into brilliant relief the Salvationist air was sung in a splicted manner, when Staff-Capt. Bolton, superintendent of the Kingston division, offered up the opening prayer. A short testimony was held and several Salvationists testified to the saving power of the Saviour to seek and save the lost and to lead them to Christ. Where the soul is dim and yet the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ into our souls and lives, and to our neighbors, and was the only rock on which to raise our hopes for time and eternity. Mrs. Booth then arose in behalf of the Rescue Home Work in Toronto and Montreal, and spoke of the shattering fallen women. As Staff-Capt. Bolton pointed out that she was to raise funds, she would call upon him to speak a few words in the interest of the work and their pressing necessity for funds, in order to carry it on more effectually and more widely. Staff-Captain Bolton responded to the claims of the Home in Toronto in a brief but pithy speech.

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THE LAST CHANCE.

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," is an old and well worn proverb, and yet you, sinner friend, are discarding the old adage, and *putting off* everything except what really must be done to-day. More especially is this the case with regard to spiritual things. You have put off repentance, time for pleasure, and, in fact, time for everything else but things spiritual. You argue that you will have time for attending to your religion by-and-bye. You who frequent our meetings nightly, when questioned as to when you intend to get saved, invariably say, "Some time." Even when you are convinced of the fact that God says, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." When shown the terrible risk you are running and the uncertainty of life, and that any moment may usher you into eternity, you laugh and say, "Oh, I was told that same story months ago, and

I'm not Dead Yet!

But notwithstanding all this, the day is coming when the *last chance* will be held out to you, now dying and unforgotten the smallest agent of eternity.

Oh, God, no longer reject the striving of the Spirit, but fall in with God's offers of mercy are His Spirit's cause striving with you. This is another chance He offers you. It may be your last, then for your own soul's sake and for the sake of Jesus who shed His life's blood on Calvary for you, yield to the striving of the Spirit now. Your position is similar to that of a man I once read about who went out on the roof to a boat one day, on a part of the river which was calm and placid. At a distance below this point was

A Raging Cataract.

A bridge crossed the river near this point. The man was in no danger, though the current also he would be drawn over the falls. Unheedingly he rowed on, until he awoke to the fact that he was being carried on by the current. He started to pull for the shore, but he had waited too long, and he could not make any headway. In spite of his strenuous efforts he was being carried on faster and faster towards the falls. The people on shore saw his danger. It was a serious time for them and reach him in a boat, for nothing could stand against the current. "What shall we do to done!" "There's the bridge!" should someone. It was the last chance. Below a long rope they hurried to the bridge and got there before the boat had passed. Lowering the rope with great haste, they had the satisfaction of being sweet underneath, they shouted to its frantic occupant,

"Jump for the Rope! Jump for the Rope!"

It was the poor fellow's last chance, he seized it, jumped and caught the rope, and was safely hauled up on the bridge, while the next instant the boat was dashed in pieces over the surging cataract below. Had he missed that last chance, he would have been dashed into eternity.

Sinner, you stand in even a worse position than that man. You are in the stream which is bearing you on to

Eternal Damnation.

You have been warned faithfully of your danger. You have not heeding. The current is increasing in velocity, and is swiftly bearing you to your doom. Every open-air meeting you listen to is a shout of warning. Every Sunday night's meeting is a bridge upon which God's children stand shouting to you to *jump for the rope of salvation* which they hold out to you. Children passed under a great many bridges already, and would not listen to them. Now but the last bridge will appear soon, this may be the last bridge on the last chance you have LAST CHANCE. Then oh, take warning! Listen to the entreaties and jump for the rope. Reach out no longer, but yield yourself unreservedly to God. Cry to Him for pardon, and the rope (Jesus) will be placed in your hands, and the Rock of Safety, will prove strong enough to save you also.

J. E.

OPEN-AIR RING.

dispersed. Afterwards the members of the Army held an enthusiastic prayer meeting.

Mrs. Booth will have for Toronto this evening. This is her first visit to Peterborough. In conversation with an *Examiner* reporter she expressed delight at the hearty reception tendered her here by the members of the local corps and the citizens generally. She would carry away with her pleasant memories of her brief stay. Mrs. Booth further remarked that she was not collecting funds to prosecute the Rescue Home work far and wide. She believed it was doing a great deal of good and that the blessing of God rested on it. The Army had received many signal requests to establish Rescue Homes in other towns and cities, but were handicapped owing to pecuniary matters. All gifts and donations for this cause would be gratefully acknowledged and directed to the admirable purpose of saving the fallen young women of the country.

Mrs. Booth and her mission are cordially commended to the liberality of all our citizens who feel an interest in practical philanthropy that goes down into the depths of degradation, too sordid for a great deal of the kid glove ecclesiastics of the day.—*Peterboro' Daily Examiner, February 3rd, St.*

NOTES.

Mrs. Booth was the guest of J. R. Stratton, Esq., M.P.P.

Mr. Stratton kindly loaned the use of the piano from his warehouse.

The barracks was gaily decorated with flags, illuminated gas sentiums, and two mottoes, "Old England for Jesus" and "Salvation Army."

As Mrs. Booth entered the building red light illuminations were flashed from each side of the platform with astonishing effect.

Quite a nice sum was realized by donations on that day, and several promises of help were made.

Further Notice

RE

The Easter Cry.

Officers should lose no time in canvassing their corps for the special Easter number of the Cry, so that they may be able to secure a large order.

The Easter Cry is to outdo the Xmas Cry, with several important improvements.

Arrangements are already in hand, and the artists have commenced to work.

WHAT WE REQUIRE.

We want a good song or two, original, with music; and some poetry, if not too long. Please remember. Short pieces are in demand all the way round, so as to have a larger representation.

We want some real stirring stories that don't altogether rest on Noah's Ark and the flood and the fishes, but that have some bearing on Easter-tide.

We want some tit-bits of all kinds gathered from different sources on the same lines.

An extraordinary life sketch or incident in any way connected with Easter would be exceedingly welcome.

We are also open to receive original illustrations, but in this case of course we shall require to make discrimination.

We shall have several special features to introduce which, however, will not be made known until the Cry is published.

We want this Cry to outstrip anything that has been attempted before, in life, and point, and power.

And above all we want it to be the harbinger of blessing and salvation, and this it shall be.

QUEER SAYINGS.

"PICKER."

"Be sure and prepare for Eternity."

* * *

"I am glad I ever learned to sit in *communion* at Elijah Cot."

* * *

"My dear friends,—I am glad the language of my heart is, 'Come, welcome death: thou hast no charms for me.'"

* * *

"My *interim* is to be true and die on the field."

* * *

"Come away, sinner; the Judge looks on sin with the least degree of allowance."

* * *

"Even in all my difficulties and trials the Lord has promised to detect me."

* * *

"Since I have been saved God helps me to

Officers should lose no time in canvassing their corps for the special Easter number of the Cry, so that they may be able to secure a large order.

NEWS FROM NEWFOUNDLAND!

THE COMMANDANT TAKES THE COLONY BY STORM.

UNPRECEDENTED MEETINGS.

WAVES OF ENTHUSIASM!
SINNERS CRYING FOR MERCY!
EXPLOITS AND ADVENTURES!

By BRIGADIER HOLLAND.

Once more I am reporting the Commandant's meetings. Not in Ontario this time; not even in the distant Province of Quebec; but in the far off, and certainly much misunderstood, Island of Newfoundland. What strange ideas people get of certain things with which they are not perfectly acquainted! What every-day experiences we get of this in the Army. Here, there and everywhere we come across a certain set of critics who knowing but little about us, will continue to judge us as being something altogether different to what we really are.

Poor Newfoundland, like the Army, has suffered much from this kind of folly. We have come across people who imagine it to be a place famous only for its

Fish, Fogs and Dogs,

with a storm-swept coast on which no vegetation can thrive, and peopled only by a few adventurous fishermen, who have made it their home because of its convenient situation to its great fishing grounds. How different are the facts! Newfoundland is what William the Conqueror is reported to have said about England. It is

"A Right Little Tight Little Island."

Somewhat larger than Ireland, and inhabited by as brave and hardy a race of fishermen as ever pulled an oar or cast a net. It is true that the fishery is the chief employment of the people just now, but mining, ship building, and other industries are developing. Indeed there

A LIVELY SALVATION MEETING.

Wholesale Catch.

is every evidence to show that the country is developing into a prosperous and thrifty colony of which old England may justly be proud.

Newfoundland has been more than misunderstood; it has been misrepresented. Though

The Oldest Colony which England can boast of

must be admitted that she has treated her eldest daughter very badly. Perhaps the fact that she is not so good looking as some other more favored colonies, went against her. Looks are dangerous things. After all beauty is only skin deep, and no doubt time will prove that this badly used country has just as good qualities as some others which so far have fared better. For over two hundred years she suffered a grave injustice. Interested persons in England brought their influence to bear on their Government and secured the passage of an act making it illegal for any person to settle on the island. By this means it was hoped that the promoters of the bill would be able to

Enjoy the Monopoly of the Fishery

and for this purpose fleets of fishing vessels were despatched from England every year. John Bull, however—true to his reputation—saw through the ruse, and made up his mind not to submit to so unjust a law. So in spite of the presence of the British authorities these hardy toilers of the sea built their homes on these rocky heights, and after a long and stubborn fight won the battle of freedom, which they now enjoy.

Our journey from Toronto was long and tedious. Birds of freedom do not take kindly to cages, even though the wires be gilded; and no amount of nineteenth century comfort could make the Commandant and his Secretaries contented to remain in a railway carriage any longer than was absolutely necessary. After spending all Thursday night on the cars, we arrived in Montreal the following morning, and were duly met at the station by Staff-Capts. Bennett and Simco, and a small party of officers. The day was spent in doing general business, chiefly with regard to the new Jos Beef Shelter and the French work. After a few words of encouragement and help to the French officers, the Commandant boarded the C. P. R train at eight p m., and was soon full speed ahead for the Atlantic coast. At St.

SIR ROBERT THORBURN (Ex-Premier of Newfoundland).

John, we were met by Brigadier Jacobs, who travelled with us to Halifax. The time spent together was taken up with matters of business relating chiefly to the Brigadier's command. Owing to

"Unforseen Circumstances,"

a convenient proviso, very much used by ship owners and their agents, our boat was a day late in arriving in port, causing us an unpleasant delay. However, at 11 a.m., on Tuesday, the good ship *Mongolian* cast off her mooring lines, fired a couple of bombs as a signal of her departure, and was soon lost to the view of the party of officers who had assembled to see us off. The voyage to St. Johns was a very tempestuous one, and over the seventy wearyesome hours spent between the docks of that stout vessel, we cannot do better than draw a curtain.

On Friday morning, the vessel slowed, and looking through the port hole we discovered that we were at last entering "The Narrows," two beautiful headlands forming a most desirable entrance to a magnificent natural harbor. Once inside its calm waters, the scene changed. The monotony of the boisterous waves was relieved by the sight of uniformed Salvationists flitting here, there and everywhere about the wharf, each anxious to catch a glimpse of the Commandant, who has the honor to be the first member of the General's family to visit these far-off shores, and a right royal welcome they had in store for him. After the ship's captain and some of the saloon passengers had said good-bye to the Commandant,

He Disembarked and was Immediately Surrounded

by as lively and out-and-out a lot of Salvationists as it has ever been my privilege to meet.

Once ashore, a ring was speedily formed by Staff-Captain Read, and in quicker time than it takes to write, an address was read, which was full of hearty and loyal welcomes and heart-felt assurances. The Commandant replied briefly but nicely. He thanked them for the reception given him. He was glad to meet his Newfoundland soldiers, and congratulated them on their fine appearance, and encouraged them to go on with their good work of saving the lost. His remarks were well received, not only by the officers and soldiers present, but by a crowd of some two or three hundred people who had assembled to witness the arrival.

Here the Commandant was introduced to Mr. Chancey, a generous-hearted congregationalist and a firm friend of the Army, with whom he was to be billeted during his stay in St. John. On arriving at our host's house, we found it had been decorated in true gala style. Tempting flag poles had been erected in the garden, from which flags of all nations floated proudly, while across the gate was stretched a neat motto, on which the words

"Welcome Commandant!"

were inscribed.

VIEW OF GRAND LAKE, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Early next morning the Commandant and party started off on their eventful trip across "the barrens," as far north as Hant's Harbor, a full report of which is given by Staff-Captain Read.

Eight days later we arrived back in St. Johns, where the Commandant commenced a very heavy campaign with a reception, banquet and meeting. The former was held in the No. 2. barracks, and the latter at No. 1. Both buildings were tastefully decorated, and the mottoes and banners spoke much for the love which these Newfoundlanders have for their leader. The banquet was well gotten up, and at least two sittings were necessary to accommodate those who attended.

The Welcome Meeting was a Rouser.

Every soldier and officer seemed bent on making the Commandant feel at home, which he certainly appeared to be. Staff-Capt. Read read an address welcoming him on behalf of the Newfoundland contingent, which the crowded congregation voiced by rising to their feet and firing a volley.

The Commandant's reply was well spoken, and before the close of the meeting he had been "swallowed wholesale." This gathering was of the most happy discription, and the welcome given by those hardy warriors will live long in their leader's memory.

On Saturday the Commandant conducted council for Field officers. Unfortunately it was not possible for them all to be present as the

Ice Renders Navigation Impossible

in many places during the winter months. Nevertheless, we had a good time. The officers received advice and instruction which will be helpful to them in the days to come. How pleased they appeared to be to have the chance of listening to the Commandant. God bless them! Their work comes nearer to that of the disciples than any I have yet seen. The majority of them were, I believe,

Fishermen or Fishergirls,

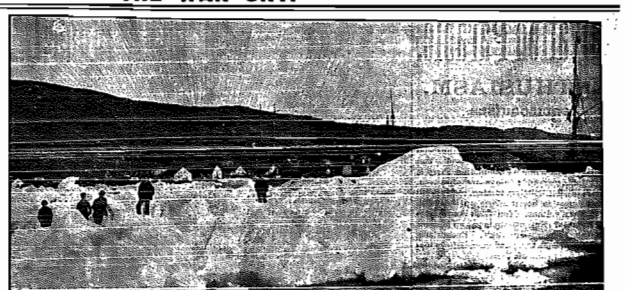
who gladly left their boats and nets to follow their master, and the Army work on this island is a grand living monument of their devotion and self-sacrifice. What simplicity of habits, of dress and talk is to be found among them. This is as it should be.

This meeting was followed by a council of war for soldiers, and a blessed time it was. It is a pity space will not permit the insertion of the Commandant's address for the benefit of soldiers everywhere.

Sunday's "All day for souls" will long be remembered by those present. Long before the commencement of each meeting the old No. 1. barracks was literally packed—gallery, aisles, platform, and every available spot. What a day it was! How those people sang! How the soldiers and officers prayed!

It was like a Hurricane!

Then the sinners—how they trembled, and how we rejoiced together when backsliders and sinners, one after another volunteered for salvation, until we counted no less than twenty-two for the day, in addition to another twelve who came out at an overflow meeting, led by Adjt. Magee. What a picture those prayer-meeting scenes would make for the WAR CRY!



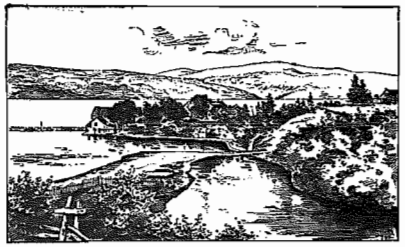
ST. JOHNS HARBOR IN WINTER.

What a thrilling sight it was to see that fine gray-haired man, with a large piece of blue ribbon on his coat, making his way from the front seat of the gallery and

Throwing Himself like a Log

at the penitent-form! And that respectably dressed young woman who screamed for mercy for an hour and a-half and who danced and jumped when the burden rolled away!

Altogether it was a memorable day from early morn till late at night; indeed at 11 p. m. nobody seemed at all anxious to leave the building.



PETRIE'S POINT, BAY OF ISLANDS, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Monday evening, our last night on the Island, was reserved for an address on the General's "Darkest England" scheme in the large Methodist Tabernacle. This is a spacious wooden building erected since the fire on the old-fashioned plan. The announcement of the meeting had created wide-spread interest, and was attended by no less than thirteen hundred people, who were admitted by special invitation tickets.

The Place was Packed,

and a pretty sight it presented. The chair was taken by the Honorable Jas. I. Rogerson, Esq., and Sir Robert Thorburn, ex-Premier of the Colony; the Hon. Mr. Munroe, Rev. Cowperthwaite, a tried friend of the Army, and the Rev. Dr. Milligan, Superintendent of the Methodist schools, occupied seats on the platform, while in the congregation sat Lady Thorburn, Mr. Burchell, the Government Engineer; Revs. Graham and McNabb, our old friend Mr. Henderson, and a large number of St. Johns' best citizens.

The chairman said he felt it an honor to preside. He admired the Army and believed

Mrs. Booth's Memory was an Evergreen

in the hearts of all Christian people the world over.

The Commandant was enthusiastically received, and dealt with his subject in a fiery and most interesting manner. The congregation was cheerful and responsive throughout, giving a suppressed murmur of indignation when some story of injustice was told sometimes, and clapping to the echo when told of what the Army had done and is still doing for the down-trodden and dejected submerged tenth of proud England's population. These people are evidently alive to the dangers of strong drink. The announcement that not one of the Army's hundreds of thousands of members ever tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor produced a tremendous sensation. "We have attained one of God Almighty's

Woes Against the Drink Traffic,"

said the Commandant, and the audience cheered to the echo. The brewers, said he, should serve their apprenticeship in the Salvation Army, they would then understand some of the awful consequences of the beer barrel.

The Rev. Mr. Cowperthwaite in proposing a vote of thanks said that seven years ago he had fallen in love with the Salvation Army, and since that time God had blessed his ministerial efforts more than He had done during his whole life before.

Sir Robert Thorburn Seconded the Resolution,

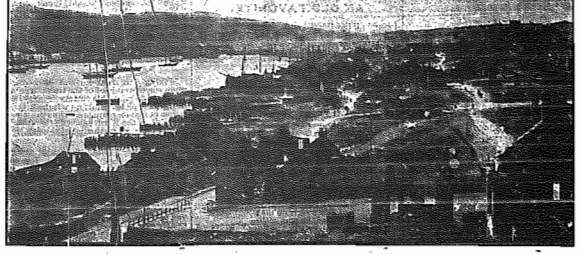
and said he hoped we had all learned to appreciate the good work done by the Army all the world over. When in London, England, some time ago, he had seen the Army officers preaching salvation on an open space beside an infidel lecturer, who was doing his best to lead people to destruction. He personally saw no *difference in a Bishop's coat, and the plain tunic of the Army.*

The Honorable Mr. Munroe also spoke, and expressed his admiration for the Army. A collection was taken up for the Social Work, amounting to

The Neat Sum of Seventy-five Dollars.

Without doubt, this meeting will do us a lot of good, not only in sweeping away considerable prejudice, but in giving the people present an opportunity of understanding the varied character of the work of the Army the world over.

Next day, Tuesday, we set sail for Halifax. Staff-Capt. Read and officers assembled at the wharf, and fired a volley as the vessel left the harbor.



ST. JOHNS AFTER THE FIRE (another view).

(Continued on Page 15.)

Salvation Parable.

ENTHUSIASM.

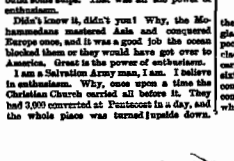
SOLILOQUISES.

Enthusiasm, sir! Why enthusiasm would burst the engine-boiler and send the train to smithereens. Enthusiasm, why enthusiasm built Mount Etna and buried Iceland. You should see what a mighty commotion there is going on underground; things are always on the boil, hissing, spitting, fuming, roaring, till one day it gets so hot it blows up the earth and makes a volcano. You don't know anything about it! Enthusiasm burnt up Moscow when the French were there. Enthusiasm carried the French there and then left half-a-million to freeze and die there.

Ah, my friend, you should study enthusiasm a bit. Why, the Germans have the biggest army in the world, and the British Navy does policeman's duty on the seas. Once upon a time the poor Hottentots only had one or two miserable fat-bottomed yents, and those could have been knocked over with a long pole, till that king of theirs—Alfred—set to work to build some ships. That was all the power of enthusiasm.

Didn't know it, didn't you? Why, the Mohammedans mastered Asia and conquered Europe once, and it was a good job the ocean blocked them or they would have got over to America. Great is the power of enthusiasm.

I am a Salvation Army man, I am. I believe in enthusiasm. Why, once upon a time the Christian Church carried all before it. They had 3,000 converted at Pentecost in a day, and the whole place was turned upside down.



They nearly captured the world in thirty years, but the devil got in and upset the whole affair, and we have been dragging on at this miserable rate for eighteen hundred years.

The Salvation Army. Ah, that is the thing! It sweeps along like a prairie fire. Never stops short at anything. Every man jack of of them mad enthusiasts, and I am one of them. Look here, my friend, if you don't join the Salvation Army you will get left.

NOTE:

It must be confessed that this was a somewhat strange soliloquy for our friend to carry on all by himself. He fancied he was addressing a mighty audience as a big gog, and was in for making a long oration about things in general, himself included, and when he was worked up to the ecstatic point a gentle rap came at the door. He was standing before the looking glass, but quickly turned round. It was a poor pitiable object sure enough, not over well clad, and looking pinched and crushed with care. A child—not more than a child—some sixteen or seventeen years old, and she had come to ask if the Salvation Army or as would come around at once and pray with her father who was dying.

It took our noble friend a minute or two to recover his equanimity. What about the big gog and the speech he was preparing? But that little child's face brought him down. She looked so helpless and friendless, looked so pleadingly, and then began so cry. That was too much for him, his own heart broke, and he began to cry himself. After all he was not a bad sort of fellow, but had got puffed up. He buried his face in his hands and prayed. He was soon at another bedside pouring out his heart upon this hardened sinner who had put off seeking God till the last. He was only just in time, and before the old man took his last gasp he managed to utter that he had made his peace with God.!

NOTE No. II.

Our friend henceforth was a changed man. A consuming fire took possession of him. Wherever he went, by night or by day, his heart was continually going out after sinners. That was the one thing that his mind turned to at every spare moment. He set to work to canvass the town. Nobody was in any great hurry for salvation. They all admitted pretty nearly that it was the right thing and all that, but were about as much concerned as if they were going to bed to sleep. The probability was that their sets belied their lips. There might just as well have been no such thing as heaven or hell by the way they looked at matters. This went to the heart of our friend and bowed him down. He could neither rest nor sleep, and once seized with this passion he set himself to rouse the Captain of the corps to make some definite efforts to save the population. Something must be done with determination and done quickly if the town was to be saved, and so their council he it said, the corps and the Captain bowed together with this dear fellow, and by sensible well-timed efforts moved the place. This dear brother went to heaven, where he desired to go, and where he is a good deal happier than when he faced the looking-glass.

AN OLD FAVORITE.

I stand all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love,
And over it waves to my spirit,
Comes peace, like a heavenly dove.

CHORUS.

The Cross now covers my sin,
The past is under the blood,
I'm trusting in Jesus for all,
My will is the will of my God.

I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The longing that satisfieth not free;
But when I had ceased from my struggles,
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

He laid His hand on me, and healed me,
And made me be every whit whole,
I touched the hem of His garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.

The Prince of my Peace is now passing,
The light of His face is on me;
But listen, believe, he speaketh,
"My peace will I give unto Thee."

All power is given unto Me in heaven, and in earth.

GEMS from the LIFE of MRS BOOTH.

The family removed in 1834 to Boston, in Lincolnshire, Mr. Mumford's native town. During his stay here he commenced to take an active part in the Temperance movement, its home becoming a centre round which meet at the leading Temperance luminaries revival, Catherine, with her curly locks and flashing black eyes, together with her brilliant conversational powers, was before long one of the most interesting features of her father's table, taking her share in the parlor debates, which were to prove so valuable a training for her future career.

History was one of her favorite studies. She experienced special pleasure in reading about those whose great deeds had served to benefit others.

Amongst other studies Catherine had, as might have been expected, a special aptitude for composition. Geography she liked, longing to be able to visit the countries and cities about which she had read. Arithmetic was her bugbear, but this she afterward attributed to the conscious way in which it was taught, since to her logical and mathematical mind figures had afterward a considerable attraction.

She now joined a Bible class which was conducted by the wife of a supernumerary minister of the circuit. This class she continued to attend for the next five years. "Mrs. Kay used to insist upon my praying," she tells us, "and would often keep the class five minutes upon that knees waiting for me to begin. When I told her one day that the excitement and exertion had made me ill, she replied, 'Never mind! you will be of use by and by, if you overcome this timidity and employ you gifts.'"

The democratic element had, however, after Wesley's death, gradually gained strength, claiming for itself a voice in the General government, and in the administration of its revenue. Here for the governmental question was used as a catch-cry by a dissatisfied minority of the ministers who hoped, on the shoulders of the people, to climb into office and displace the party then in power, it is not for us to say. It is certain, however, that it gave rise to several agitations, in the course of which the secessions occurred which led to the establishment of the younger branches of Methodism.

Finding arguments of no avail, her class leader reluctantly decided to withhold Miss Mumford's ticket of membership.

It so happened that the Reformers had commenced to hold meetings in a hall near Miss Mumford's home. She was offered and accepted the senior class in the Sunday school, consisting of some fifteen girls, whose ages ranged from twelve to nineteen.

We cannot help smiling as we find William Booth writing to his friend, that he was seriously thinking of tendering his services as chaplain to a convict-ship in order to work his way out to Australia, as he had heard that it was easier to enter the ministry there than in England. He adds touchingly! :

"And then my mother's image flits across my mind! You know I would prefer by far the home-work. But the difficulties are so great. My ability is not equal to the task. *Preachers are not wanted.* My superintendent told me so. And to go to quarter-day and not succeed would break my heart. Were my talents of a superior nature, were my attainments of a more elevated character, and my education more liberal and extensive, then might I calculate with some degree of certainty on passing the scrutiny of the assisting leaders, preachers, and trustees of London fifth, or Lambeth circuit."

Making sure that he had discovered one more the cleverest of the Reformers, and determined to purge his society from every trace of the pernicious taint, he withheld the usual ticket of membership, and thus practically expelled from the Wesleyan body the most talented and brilliant Methodist of the day.

"O Brother Booth, if I could preach and floor the sinners like you can, I would not thank Queen Victoria to be my aunt or cousin. When I hear one of your sermons I feel I wish to be your shoeblack! There is no one of whom I have read, Caughey excepted, who has equalled you for usefulness, considering the short time you have been at it. And to you to allow the decrees of the New Connexion Conference, or of any other conclave of men, to turn you away from following the guidance of the Holy Spirit, is what I cannot bear to think of. I know what you feel, and I also have felt the big scorching tear, when placed in the same circumstances."

How a Revival was Brought About;

OR,

A CHANCE FOR THE SOLDIERS.

BY THE GENERAL.

"Frank is converted. Seventeen souls last night!" Such was the burden of a telegram that Capt. Stoker handed me to read as I entered the ante-room of the hall at South Shields last week, his face beaming with the gladdest delight all the time, and if my face did not beam with equal joy as I read it my heart did. For it truly delighted me, indicating the sort of thing I was hungering after, and wanting to see prevalent in every corps, not only in the United Kingdom, but throughout the world.

Eight days before I had spent a Sunday in the beautiful new barracks at Rochdale, from which town this telegram came.

I Went there with Great Expectations

and some little faith, and in spite of about as unfavorable a day as ever I spent well be imagined, so far as the weather went, we had a crowd of people, and I did my very best for their benefit. Morning, noon and night I laid on with all my might and with what little skill and tact I could command.

God seemed to be with us, but the soldiers appeared to be stiff and cold, and the sinners indifferent, and the fighting force (I hope I did not wrong them) appeared to be wanting in tenderness, and, in my own estimation, I did not get very much in advance myself. Nevertheless, we had a fair prayer meeting at night and a few souls, several of whom had been notorious characters; but on the whole I was disappointed. I had reckoned on greater things, and went to my billet depressed in spirits to toss about on my bed reproaching myself and feeling very much, I am afraid, after the fashion of Elijah when from under the Juniper-tree he pleaded to similar discouragements and sent in his resignation.

Then the Captain did not quite please me

by his arrangements for the coming week. He was to accompany me on the tour that followed, and consequently would be away from his Corps. He simply announced that the Henderson would take the service one night and the Hall-keeper's wife another night, while certain Sergeants with someone else whom I forget were to do the other meetings.

Now, I thought to myself these people will be no attraction, and they won't be likely to do much. Why has he not arranged for some Captains or prominent officers of some description to take advantage of the good influences that may be abroad to-day, and gather up any who may be left wounded by the wayside?

Altogether I was disappointed, and it was with a feeling of defeat that I moved off from Rochdale the following morning, and it was some little time before I was able, in the intense stillness and sweeping influences and crowded penitent forms of Oldham and Blackburn, to forget my Rochdale Juniper-tree experience.

But God had not forsaken the Rochdale Corps, although I had gone away from it with so little heart and hope.

The Bandsmen, and the Captain's Wife, and the Hall-keeper's Wife, and the Sergeants,

and I know not who else, had gone at it with a will, and as we moved from town to town during the following week tidings after tidings kept dropping in to the effect that God was working and sinners were being saved night after night. Other members of the public-house band we had broken into on that Sunday evening had given in, and were finding salvation, and now here was this wonderful telegram telling of a notorious leader in sin had been rescued. After Capt. Stoker had left on the previous Saturday for the North, to help me again, it had been agreed that if this notorious rebel was saved, a telegram was to be forwarded, and sure it was, with the good news, "Frank is saved, and seventeen souls on Sunday night."

Now, I want to enquire,

How came this Ten Days' Revival—

this Revival which I hope is to go forward for many a day yet? How was it brought about? Can we learn anything from this instance that will be useful elsewhere?

Was it because the General got out of the way, and the Captain with him, and the Captain's Wife, and the Hall Keeper's Wife, and the Bandsmen, and the Sergeants had a chance to get at the people? Do we block one another? Do we Staff Officers, Field Officers and Local Officers

Take Upon Ourselves to do all the Work?

and do we go through it in such a dry, unbelieving manner as to rob it of its interest and point and power with the people? Is it so?

I am sure Capt. Stoker would not knowingly stand between any soldier and his opportunity, and I am sure I would not. But the question comes back, Do we actually thus hinder our people? Anyway, do we push our comrades to the front? Do we urge and hurry them to the attack?

Here is Commissioner Tucker just arrived from Amsterdam, and amongst other interesting items of news, he tells how last night, after speaking in that city, he sent the officers to fetch out the fifty Soldiers, who, all in uniform, were sitting in different parts of the building, and set them to work to plead with sinners all over the place.

Can this genuine, Home-made Revival in any way be traced to the struggles and prayers of the previous day, and which were continued all through the Sabbath? The Saturday bombardments, the invitations in the streets, the marches and meetings in the corps, or the straight hitting of the truth which, notwithstanding my unbelief, was doubtless cutting away all through the day at the hearts of the sinners, who sat like statues listening to every word!

Or did these blessed results follow because the Captain's wife and the Hallkeeper's wife and the Sergeants and the Bandsmen and some of the Soldiers rose up and went to work with all their might, or, say way, with a good part of it! Perhaps we all had a share in the business. However, this telling of the story connected with it has brought three things to me. It has given me

A Joy, a Rebuke, and an Encouragement.

1. *It has created within me joy.* Oh, how glad I am that God has again come near to the Salvation Army in Rochdale! Officers and Soldiers have for a long time been fighting under great discouragements. One of the causes, at least, has passed away. That Old Hink Wilderness, so far away from the people, has been exchanged for a charming barracks, admirably situated in the very centre of the place, and now consecrated by this baptism of the Holy Ghost, while here are waves of mercy night after night sweeping through it. Oh, may they continue and increase. Hallelujah!

"Break forth into singing, ye trees of the wood,
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God."

2. *This visitation has been a rebuke to me personally.* Why could I not have had patience with my loving Lord on that dark winter day, and exercised a little more of the faith I talk so much about? True, I was very much disturbed physically, but this might not even that this be traceable to my unbelief? Oh, do we not very much and very often wear ourselves out with our fears? Nothing is so exhausting to the body as over-anxiety. I wonder how many furloughs, and sicknesses, and resignations—aye! I wonder

How Many Funerals

are rendered necessary by worry and sadness? There is no passage in the Book more glorious or profitable and true in experience than that which declares that "the joy of the Lord is our strength." What cannot a man do with a merry, hopeful, glad heart in his bosom, or a woman either! Unbelief makes joy impossible; is the parent of misery of every kind.

Had I only had patience that Sunday night, and said, "Now then, my Lord, here is a fight which was to be expected if anything is to be done for eternity; I will do well in"

Showers are Coming!

the Captain and the Captain's wife, the Hall keeper's wife, and the Bandsmen and the Sergeants, are going to be woke up; scores of sinners will be saved, Frank will be converted, and the devil defeated in a decisive way," my soul would doubtless have been sustained, and my body too.

I might have been able to have continued an hour's longer fighting that night, and then slept in peace and woke full of vigor for Oldham and Blackburn and Bolton, and anywhere else. I feel this rebuke. Oh, Lord, help me to profit by it!

3 *Then this incident has been an encouragement.* Now I see the light. If we are going to have this country shaken, and the public-houses and other haunts of wickedness and manufactories of vice robbed of Frank and his pals, and their wives and wives' and daughters saved; if we are to see the wave of salvation sweep over the country, for which some of us are praying and working, we must have these captains' wives, and hallkeepers' wives, and hallkeepers as well, and those blessed bandsmen and sergeants and soldiers roused up and brought to the front of the fight!

Now, does some reader, or representing the rank and file of the Army, say at this point that

They are Never Asked or Urged to Come to the Front,

nor furnished with the opportunity of doing so when they are burning for it? I reply that I have great difficulty in believing them, and I would like to be enlightened as to the condition of both officer and corps as would make such a complaint possible. It seems incredible that any man or woman whose heart is on fire for souls should not have the opportunity for the asking.

Further, if the case is so, I say to any and every soldier, the remedy is a very simple one. Make your own choice. There are the public-houses, there are the streets, and if there is no other opening for a soldier.

There is the Prayer Meeting.

Now, I must Confess, that I have been Amazed of Late at the Heartlessness of a Number of Our Soldiers in the Prayer-Meeting.

I cannot understand it. Of course, I am willing to hope that this indifference is only in appearance. But it looks like heartlessness, and I cannot understand it.

When I was a Boy.

From almost the very first day of my conversion, although but a lad at the time, I revelled in the chance of doing something for my Lord and the salvation of souls, in the prayer meeting. It was very difficult in services where propriety ruled, for me, a mere boy, to speak to men and women about spiritual things, beyond a word or two occasionally shot in. But if this method of usefulness was denied me, I could go to the front amongst the praying men, and with closed eyes, wrestle with God on my knees—help to lift the swinging choruses to heaven—respond to the prayers of my elders—put in a prayer now and then myself. I could gather with the groups round the penitents and help with my faith to

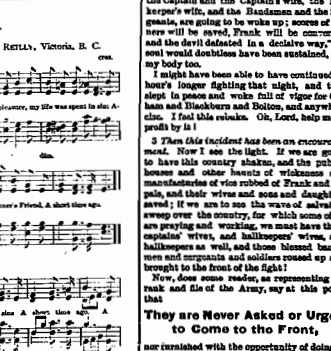
IF YOU CAN WRITE A GOOD SONG,

AND PUT IT TO GOOD MUSIC,

We Should Like to Hear from You.

A short time ago.

Words and music by Private ANNIE E. REILLY, Victoria, B. C.



2. Although I had pleasure, I was not satisfied,
I craved something better, no matter what I tried,
Till, meeting the Army, I to their hall did go,
And got convicted of my sin—a short time ago.

3. They told me of Jesus, who died that I might live,
That I could be happy if I'd on Him believe;
I asked His forgiveness who never did say "No,"
And from my heart the burden rolled—a short time ago.

4. So now I'm a soldier, my life is pure and right,
I fight for King Jesus, His will is my delight;
When warfare is over, to glory I shall go,
And live with Him who set me free—a short time ago.

trung them into liberty, all of which soon prepared me for a more prominent order of work.

But during the meetings I have been recently holding

I Have Been Absolutely Shooked

to see soldiers, in and out of uniform, sitting through a meeting with eyes wide open even during prayer, leaving the handful of their comrades exhausted with the day's work to struggle forward as best they could, without a response on their lips, concern on their face, or a military word for the poor sinners whom they profess to believe are going to hell, sitting all but by their side.

At the very last meeting I held before this was written, I had done twelve long, heavy services, and travelled five hundred miles in four days and a piece. That night I had talked with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; sinners were convicted, saints convicted, backsliders in nearly every seat convicted, everybody was convicted, twenty souls were out at the front seeking salvation, and yet it was difficult to move many of the Soldiers present to lend a hand.

I Watched Them.

Some, I am afraid, were even Officers, but I hope not. But there were Salvationists in uniform and out of uniform, who sat silent and still, a hindrance rather than a help to the mighty conflict that was going on.

Oh, when will the day come when in a Salvationist will mean to be a real Soldier? A Soldier who, when the command to charge at close quarters is given in the Prayer Meeting, will rise up and with all his might, in one form or another, engage in the hand-to-hand conflict, determined, if possible, to save every sinner in the house. When that time comes, telegrams and all sorts of messages will be flying all over the world, saying that somebody's Frank is saved and multitudes of souls.

WAR CRY

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1896.

GLORIOUS NEWS FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.

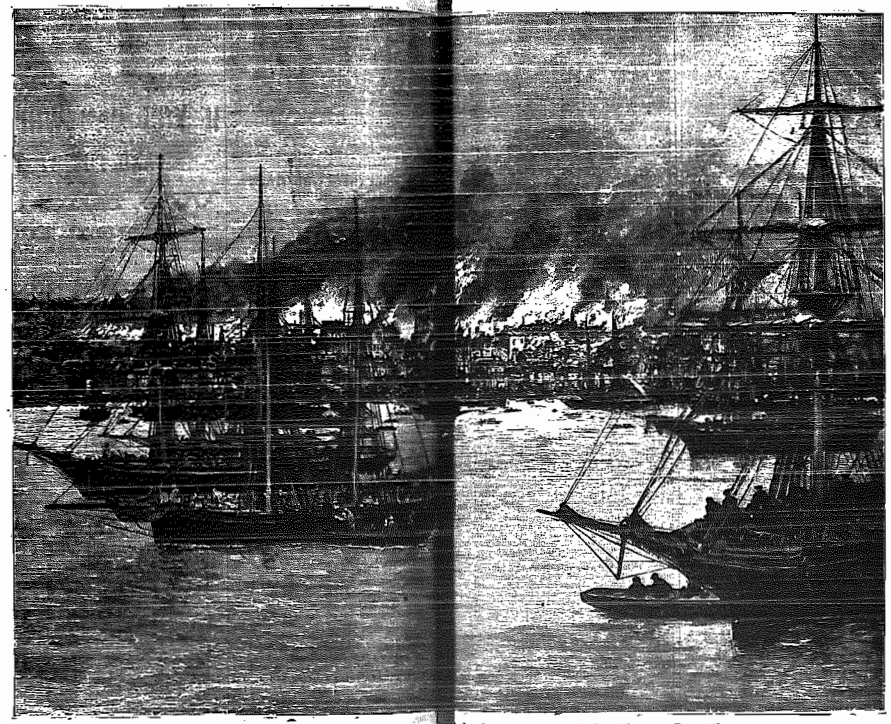
News from Newfoundland has reached us at last. The one word VICTORY sums it all up. But the reports, written as they are by our worthy Special Correspondent, Brig. Holland, conjointly with an old friend of the CRY, Staff Capt. Read, shall speak for themselves. All we need in this place to do is to give a hearty loyal welcome back to our beloved Commandant and his comrades in arms. We note with pleasure that the ex-Premier of the Colony, Sir Robert Thorburn, spoke at the select meeting at St. Johns, and we wish the hon. gentleman God speed.

Meanwhile the following extract from a private despatch will let in a little light from another quarter:—

"You will no doubt have heard of our rough voyage across that merciless ocean which now rolls between us. The weather was very stormy during the most of the journey. Several times we were brought to a dead stop, and rolled heavily in the trough of the sea. During one part of the voyage we only made four miles an hour for twenty-four hours. This will give an idea of the fury of the waves. Since we landed we have had an experience which is very rare in these days of the locomotive. We were obliged to travel nearly one hundred miles in an open sleigh across a fearfully wild bleak country in the face of a blinding snow storm. Our meetings have been splendid. Such enthusiasm as is seen here was never met with in England, and what is the best of it is the fact that these people have maintained their simplicity for five, six, and seven years. It is truly wonderful."

THE TIDE IS RISING.

There is only one thing stirring at the present time, and that is salvation. The tide is beginning to rise all round. The reports of the Commandant's wonderful meetings in Newfoundland are on the seaboard of salvation everywhere. Not that the tide is at high water mark. That is yet to come. Meantime it is cheering and inspiring to note that the tide is rising, and that there are indications to show that by the good blessing of God, with the concurrent efforts on the part of every good Salvationist, we shall see long see a glorious sweep of sinners into the Kingdom of God. We are praying for this unceasingly. It is a case where prayer is well applied, and where, if it is offered up with anything like the urgency and the earnestness of a spirit burning with desire for the salvation of souls, God will be pleased, graciously pleased, to grant an abundant answer. Oh, may this come to pass!



We are indebted to the *Graphic* for the above sketch which shows the city during the conflagration.

The Great Britain Auxiliary League numbers 1,200.

Our officers in India number three hundred and eight.

Full Salvation, our Australian monthly, has a circulation of 20,000.

The most deadly sin is the one we believe it will be safe to commit.

In New York State alone, there are about two hundred Auxiliaries.

A testimony:—"Thank God I haven't time to attend to the little devils."

There are one hundred S. A. officers working for the salvation of sinners in Ireland.

Newfoundland has twenty-six corps, fifty-eight officers, and about 1,500 soldiers.

Major Moss Thal will visit the Australian Colonies in the interest of the Indian War.

In Great Britain at the present time, there are 1,248 corps, 150 outposts, and 4,430 officers.

Another new arrival had a five weeks' tour on horseback as a sort of initiation into the work.

Sinning is bound to make a man give up praying if praying does not make him give up sinning.

At a fashionable wedding in Holland, the bridal party gave the Salvation Army 500 guilders for the poor.

At the Employment Bureau in San Francisco, they had 102 applicants, and got work for twelve men in one day.

The Congress Hall, Clapton, England, has a corps of about 700 soldiers. The hall has a seating capacity of 5,000 people.

It is rather a common experience in South America to be chased by a wild bull, especially if one happens to be travelling on foot.

The only safe way of travelling here is on horseback. Horses are so cheap everybody can be the possessor of one if so disposed.

Major Eshwar Das' little girl, Karena, has been promoted to glory from Bombay. We tender the Major and his wife our warmest sympathy.

Our Financial Specials in some parts of India systematically visit the ships in port, soliciting subscriptions for our work there with good success.

A Captain says, "When I got into the army I gave up all I knew and didn't know, and was willing to be a sign-post for God on the street corner."

15,000,000 tons of coal is the estimated yearly consumption in London, England, and yet there are thousands of freezing homes among the poor every week.

The Californian *Cry* of January 25th, gives the filthy tobacco habit some hard knocks, and says, "The abomination is not of God, the devil fathers this vice."

"*Serpt. Mouth* will now engage in prayer," Commissioner Halfon says would be a fitting introduction to some of the knee-speeches we hear in the meetings at times.

Ratna Pala, who visited Canada a couple of years ago, has again left his native land for a season to do Spearheading work with Commissioner Booth-Tucker in his travels.

In concluding a leader on our Ceylon Rescue Work, the *Ceylon Independent* says, "For charity's sake do not let these poor slaves of sin be kept outside for the sake of lack of funds."

A Japanese lad was discharged from a position in a hotel in San Francisco because the proprietor found out he was a member of the S.A. He is now one of the cooks at the Shelter.

A leading barrister of Calcutta and his wife are deeply interested in our Rescue Work. They accompany our officers in their visits to the terrible haunts of sin, warning the poor degraded wretches to flee from the wrath to come.

One of our Financial Specials in South America travelled nearly 2,000 miles on horseback in six months soliciting support for the social and spiritual work.

The Treasurer of the Kookuk, Ia., corps, is a Swede. In one week he sold fifty American, thirty German-American and twenty-four Swedish-American *War Crys*.

One of our South American corps is in charge of a French Captain. He has one English and two Spanish Lieutenants with them. The officers of that corps are enabled thereby to deal with sinners in five different languages.

Lieut. Song Foo See, of the Californian Headquarters, is a native of China. He fills the position of cashier, can write shorthand, manipulate the typewriter, and is always ready to take up an instrument and play with the Staff band.

"Nothing but the power of God can keep a drunkard. I signed the pledge twenty-one times, but all of no avail. By the power of God I have been converted, and kept now for nine years." So said a saved drunk in the Toronto Temple recently.

Knee-drill at 7 a.m., on the doorstep of a barracks with the thermometer at zero, is not the most congenial circumstances under which to "get a blessing," and perhaps not the most calculated to retain it. This was the experience, however, of a Staff Officer on a recent visit to a certain corps. All honor to the military soldier who turned up about 7.30.

IN A WEEK OR TWO

An Article by the Editor of the English CRY,

SUBJECT:

MONSIEUR SCHOCH.

"In unison with the same ardent expectation of desire, and longing of faith, is the General's letter, which will be found on another page. That letter is destined to make its mark all round the world. It is impossible to read it without feeling inwardly stirred. It is destined to be an everlasting blessing to our soldiery in drawing out their hearts and encouraging them to larger hope and activity. Not a few soldiers will be found who will bless God that this letter has been written, and who will take comfort and encouragement by the same. It may be, too, that not a few will be raised up from this moment to declare afresh with all the fervor and power of a soul once more on fire, the old glorious Gospel of Salvation. It will come to them as a new star in the heavens, of hope and inspiration and encouragement; and officers, everywhere, who are wise, will follow up the good work, give their soldiers a chance, and sound the charge for a general rally all along the line.

A CHANCE FOR SOLDIERS.

OUR "WAR CRY" CHARTER.

The WAR CRY has a part to fill in the same holy war. The WAR CRY is, before everything else, a messenger of salvation. It records and transmits the news as it comes from the front. It portrays what is happening in the whole territory over which it circulates. This it does, but it does much more than this. It is itself an engine of attack on sham and all iniquity. It is the sworn foe of sin everywhere. But its mission does not stop even here. It extends its arms wide around and brings light and hope and mercy to the sinner. The WAR CRY, like its Master, is the sinners' friend. It heads the van in the path of glory and victory; counselling, cheering, stimulating, urging to renewed attack; proclaiming triumphantly the heavenly heritage of salvation from sin and wicked works; directing, inflaming every warrior with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. This is our recognized policy, and on these lines more and more we seek to push the battle to the gate.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

Lieut. Alex. Tuskis, who came out from Newcastle, Dec. '91, and was last stationed at Picton, promoted to glory, Jan. 25th, 1896.

Cadet Jane Carroll, late of Yorkville Garrison, to be *Lieutenant*.

Cadet Fanny Pallis, late of Yorkville Garrison, to be *Lieutenant*.

Cadet Mary Michael, late of Yorkville Garrison, to be *Lieutenant*.

Cadet Annie Cornell, late of Yorkville Garrison, to be *Lieutenant*.

Cadet Gregory Hollyer, late of Lippincott Garrison, to be *Lieutenant*.

Cadet Charles Bearshell, late of Lippincott Garrison, to be *Lieutenant*.

Cadet Robert Hazelable, late of Lippincott Garrison, to be *Lieutenant*.

APPOINTMENTS—

Lieut. Hazelable to Kinmount.

Lieut. Bearshell to Toronto II.

Lieut. Hollyer to Bowmanville.

Lieut. Cornell to Oshawa.

Lieut. Michael to Clinton.

Lieut. Pallis to Toronto III.

Lieut. Carroll to Brighton.

H. H. BOOTH,
Commandant.

Territorial Headquarters.

The Plan of Campaign FOR 1893,

Or, The First Decade of The S. A. in Canada.

Religion at Home.

BY MRS. COLONEL MACKENZIE.

Jesus the Good Shepherd.

SONG 15.

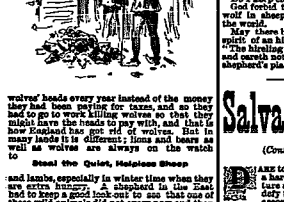
READ.—John x., verses 1 to 18.

LEARN.—John x., verse 14. I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of Mine.

i. What is a shepherd?
ii. Who is he calls Himself the Good Shepherd?
iii. Who are the sheep and lambs?
iv. What is meant by a sheep fold?

In order to quite understand the reading we want to know a little of the difference between this country and the country where Christ lived as a man, and also the difference between shepherds in those days of long ago and the shepherds of you boys and girls which have speech.

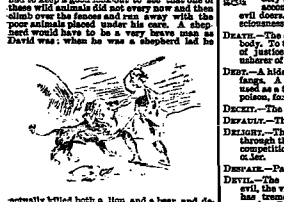
In now many, many hundreds of years since there were any wolves running about in England, but there used to be some at one time until a king called Edgar made a law that the people should bring him a certain number of



wolves' heads every year instead of the money they had been paying for taxes, and so they had to go to work killing wolves so that they might have the heads to pay with, and that is how England has got rid of wolves. But in many lands it is different; lions and bears as well as wolves are always on the watch to

Steal the Quiet, Helpless Sheep

and lambs, especially in winter time when they are extra hungry. A shepherd in the East had to keep a good look-out to see that one of these wild animals did not every now and then climb over the fences and run away with the poor animals placed under his care. A shepherd would have to be a very brave man as David was; when he was a shepherd lad he



actually killed both a lion and a bear and delivered the lambs they had seized.

These those shepherds of Bible days thought more great deal of their sheep; not plan be cause they could be sold for money, but because they were used in sacrificing to the Lord; and they took such a deep

Personal Interest in Their Flocks,

that they would know their sheep, one from another, giving them different names, and the sheep it turn would know their voice of the shepherd.

In this country, you often see flocks of sheep being driven by a man with a stick, and a great dog is running barking behind. The dog is very useful, because he keeps the sheep in the right way. But the other shepherds of whom we have been speaking, would walk in front of the flock, and instead of being driven along, they were called, and—best of all—they followed.

Still, we do not know that sheep were much more docile in those times than they are now, although they understood kindness. They were

Just as Ready to Go the Wrong Way

if they lost the sound of their shepherd's voice, and were just as unable to take care of themselves. They wanted guiding into the good pastures, and in a number of ways they could not get along at all without a shepherd. Then they were very silly in very many respects, because if one turned down the wrong road, a number of others would be sure to follow.

Oh! men and women are wonderfully like sheep. Boys and girls are just like lambs. And is not our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ just like one of

The Kind, Brave Shepherds,

only ever so much better, because He not only gives up His life to rescue the sheep, but He actually lost it!

There is another verse to learn, John x., verse 2, "I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep."

Our Lord provides for us, and arranges for our comfort. In Psalms xxiii. David who must have been thinking of his sheep says, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside still waters." Then He makes us feel how much He loves us, as we see in Isaiah's prophecy about Him. "He shall gather the lambs in His arms, and carry them in His bosom."

And what trouble He takes after the wanderers!

He Goes After the Lost One

until He finds it, and then brings it home rejoicing. And it is owing to all at the last great Judgment Day, He is going to place His sheep on His right hand, and will say unto them, "Come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."—Matthew xxv., verse 36.

Let us once again go over the points in which Christ is like a good shepherd.

i. He knows His sheep.
ii. Shields them from harm.
iii. Not only risked, but gave His life for them.
iv. Provides for them.
v. Arranges about their comfort.
vi. Makes them feel His love.
vii. Takes them in safety back to the wanderers.
viii. Takes them in safety at last to the heavenly fold.

"Jesus our Shepherd,
For the sheep He died,
Every lamb is precious,
Bought by Jesus' blood.
Then on each He setteth
His own signet mark,
They that have My Spirit,
Shall, saith God, be mine."

Am I a lamb in the fold of the Good Shepherd?

Does He know me by name?
Do I know Him?
Do I know His voice?
Do I obey it?
Do I follow Him?
Do I keep close to Him?
God forbid that anyone present should be a wolf in sheep's clothing. There are some in the world.

May there be no one amongst us with the spirit of an hireling, for in the time of danger "The hireling fleeth because he is an hireling and careth not for the sheep," but only takes a shepherd's place for the sake of reward.

Salvation Lexicon.

(Continued from last week.)

DARE to have sufficient courage to tackle a hard go in expecting to win, to venture all upon the promise of God, to defy the power of hell to stop you from accomplishing your duty, to terrify evil doers. This exists when a full consciousness of God's presence abides.

DEATH.—The departure of the soul from the body. To the unsaved, it is the consequence of justice; to the children of God the usherer of heaven.

DEBT.—A hideous monster with multitudes of fangs. A nightmare to thousands. Often used as a trap by the devil. Makes it like poison, for such it is to modern society.

DECEIT.—The devil's face-mask.

DEFAULT.—The front door to debt.

DELIGHT.—The ray of sunlight which breaks through the clouds of sin. The WAR CRY competition when it Captain raises his voice.

DESPAIR.—Paralysis of the soul.

DEVIL.—The fallen arch-angel, the essence of evil, the vile personification of misery. He has a treasure-house of sin, the wages which can be effectually cancelled by the blood of Jesus. He is the father of lies, the creator of despair, the ruler of many kingdoms, but he will finally be caged.

DILIGENCE.—That thing which visits every soldier, increases the marches, keeps the barracks clean, the guns pull up, WAR CRYS sold out, and brings sinners to repentance.

DISCIPLE.—A man who possesses a teachable spirit and never knows enough or too much.

DISCORD.—The devil's trade mark.

DISPENSE.—The first invitation card given to the devil.

DO.—An ounce of it, infinitely better than a pound of talk.

DONATIONS.—Very much desired to increase in quantity and quality.

DOUBT.—The skirmishers of the devil.

DRAWING-ROOM.—Where is sold at the Trade Headquarters in variety of sergeis, henriettas, and cashmeres. Samples free on application. Also, if you have any spare donations you can help by getting your friends goods from Headquarters.

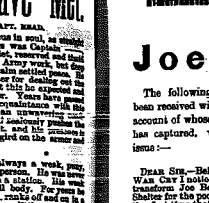
DRUM.—The Army's organ, a necessary article of S. A. paraphernalia, and a nuisance to the devil.

DRUNKARD.—The pitiable product of the liquor traffic; the barrier in the way to heaven to all breweries, distillers, and shop-keepers; a rebuke to our law makers and a curse of the country. Down with the liquor traffic, and no compromise either!

DEAL.—A long exhortation without spirit; a testimony manufactured for the occasion; a prayer telling God what He has done some years ago.

DUTY.—A thing if called by fear, but a stimulant when love directs.

How They Die.



Treasurer George Connell

— OF —

WOODSTOCK, N.B.,

Receives Orders from Imperial Headquarters.

American Soldier in Active Service—Bar Tender—Clerk—Staggered to the Penitent-Form—S.A. Soldier—Treasurer—Stricken with Paralysis—Ready to Die—Promoted.

Treasurer Connell was born in Woodstock, N.B., and when quite young went to Houlton. During the American war he enlisted, and was to the front in active service until the close of the war. He then returned to Woodstock, remaining only a short time when he went back to Houlton, wherein he filled the position of clerk, also tended bar for some years. Returned again to Woodstock. He got a situation as clerk, which calling he followed with different parties until the day of his death. During all these years his life was spent in drinking and sinning against God.

In the year 1885 the Salvation Army came to Woodstock. A very short time had elapsed when George was seen in the meetings oft times weeping over his mis-spent life. One night while under the influence of liquor

He Staggered to the Penitent-Form,

and for one hour prayed and wrestled with God for deliverance. Rising from his knees he said, "You people think I am not saved but I am, the Lord has saved me." He went home rejoicing in salvation. Next night he was at the meeting and testified to God's keeping power. After six months he gave his name to the soldiery, and in a short time was appointed treasurer of the corps.

He was a faithful soldier, and did all that laid in his power to assist the officers. He looked after the barracks, and also the temporal needs of the officers. Up to the time of his death all looked upon George as being

Loyal to God and the Army.

The Sunday before he passed away he was up bright and early to prepare the barracks for the morrow. He attended all meetings during the day, and gave his testimony in each meeting, assuring all present that his trust was in God.

At night he rejoiced with us for the last time over lost souls who sought the Lord.

On Monday morning he went to his work apparently well, but in an hour or so was stricken with paralysis. He was taken to the hotel where he boarded. I went to see him, and asked him if all was right should death come. He answered, "All is right." I prayed with him and left him with God. After a short time I went to see him again. He told me he was well saved and

Ready to Die.

After this he was unable to speak. He lay one noticing till the Lord took him on Thursday night. Truly he was faithful until death, and has gone to receive his reward.

This is a loud call to all to prepare for eternity, for "in the midst of life we are in death."

Always Prepare for the Change.

We gave him a proper S.A. funeral. On Sunday afternoon we took his remains to the barracks, which was crowded, and many were compelled to stand outside. After a short service we marched to the graveyard, S.A. band in the front. Brigadier Adbe conducted the funeral service and also the memorial service at night, when nine souls sought salvation.

Capt. J. S. McLEAN.

The very hairs of your head are all numbered.

Men I Have Met.

BY STAFF-CAPT. READ.

Strong of mind, in the malicious is soul, as straight as a pole in his dealings with people. Tree he was a bit quiet, reserved and that was to his credit. Not that he was work, but deep in his soul there was a calm settled, and he often spoke to me about the dealing out the unadulterated truth, but this he always did and was always prepared for. Years have passed away since my first acquaintance with the man of God, but with an unswerving faith in Jesus is always, and is still seriously pushing the battle for God and right. And I believe it is an inspiration to me to gird on the armor and rush to the field.

Captain ——— was always a weak, puny, namby-pamby kind of a person. He was now many weeks together in a station. His weak point was his poor frail body. For years he has been fighting in the ranks of and on in a spasmodic way, and it is little wonder that the result of such fighting is poor. Now his heal body as well as soul, and Captain ——— has been fighting well, but seems to have very little faith. Meet him on the street and he is full of conversation, although his poor weak trest or chest, in fact he thinks he will soon be called to frequent the Home of Rest. It is such a pity that a man of his ability should thus fit away. He is just the same to-day and will remain so all the way through the danger he does not crown himself, get some grit and holy grace into his poor soul and body.

Another! He too was a front-rank man in the work of God, and a new science, and he was all there. Any big work, and his profiles visage could be seen head and shoulders above all the rest. He is a Nebuchadnezzar in size, he got too big for his position, and wanted a big concern of his own. His circle became too limited. He wanted a name. His name is earthly favor. It is no wonder that such a man should fall. It was a terrible fall too. Read, and he craved for. It lasted a very little time, and thought to-day he is just "tangling" doing an odd bit for God now and then, it is not difficult to discern that his spiritual grip has dwindled. Like Samson, shorn of his locks, his strength is gone, and if not very careful, it too soon he will be landed high and dry on the rocks of ruin. Poor man! If ever I meet his again before he dies, I hope he will be changed for the better.

I have met Brother M. a good many times, and, as far as I know, he is a loyal Salvationist to-day. Devoid of one leg, he is nevertheless active. His whole soul is wrapped up in the warfare of the corps to which he belongs. Though living a good way from the barracks, and for the above reason, rather hindered from travelling quite so fast as a man possessed of two legs, yet his wooden one does his good service and helps to carry him to nearly every meeting. Yes, dear old M. is a loyal Army. His talks have often been of great blessing to my soul. Oh! the miracles need repairing! He was there to attend to it. Was anything needed by the officers at the quarters? M. got it with very little trouble. In fact, he acted as a handy man in every respect, and made up for a good, working, factory of the place to which he lived. God bless old M. and say He live long, fight bravely, and die very happy.

Poor H. has had a terrible career, and suffered most awful soul agony from his vagabond ways. He was not always such a wicked man. I remember when I first met him, he was all on fire for souls, and anxious to get into action work. He got in, but soon got out through his heat-stroved manner. To-day, he is far, far the road of Ruin—not—Salvation. He actually trests eternal matters with flippant and lightness. Sometimes he becomes the position he was attained to, and the lowness of his fall, he hits to another and a short time the conviction of God's Spirit, even travelling up and down the face of the earth gambling, betting, drinking, swearing, etc., all to find peace, a very spurious peace indeed. To make matters worse, he is a very low, immoral man, young, healthy, strong, and should to-day be an officer, and a useful one too, in S. A. warfare. If ever a man needed the fervent prayers of God's people, poor H. does.

"I'd draw a razor across my throat did I know that ended all, but there is the judgment." This sentence came from the lips of a poor inebriate man I met some years ago. I had occasion to visit his home, and saddened I found a poor, weak, frail wife, and a few frightened, half-starved children, who looked to their father for food, but he never they met him coming. He too, was a talented man with a good education, but the drink, the curse of drink had got such a hold of his poor body, that he literally craved for it, and was not able to resist the craving for the drink. I should not be surprised if the man's body now lies beneath the sod, for he was last seen staggering and ebbing or being eaten away, when I last gazed into his awful debauched face.

Tall, erect and noble he looked. Neath his grey locks, and long grey beard, a beautiful look "Neath his guernsey and braided coat throbbed a loyal soldier heart. He was a veteran, and in the Army of Christ Mover a Joshua. For years that heart had been fired with the soldier and completed him to work among the outcast and fallen. Scores of such people, say they date their work and labor of love, and rallied round them in a practical manner. They got up a very nice ball at very little expense.

The Still Corners giving the Lumber,

and the men doing the work after hours. The spiritual work went on as well in this place. We have twenty definite conversions in one fell of fire and zeal. We had a good meeting; the Sortie tried to teach the congregation to sing the new chorus,

"By and by Jesus will come,"

but did not succeed very well. He then gave his testimony, telling the people how a fine less young man he used to be, and how God saved him, a number of years ago, and the humble servant dedicated his life to the Lord,

REMARKABLE LETTER

RE

Joe Beef.

The following remarkable letter has been received with regard to Joe Beef, an account of whose saloon, which the Army has captured, was given in a previous issue:—

TORONTO, Feb. 3, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—Being a regular reader of the WAR CRY I notice that the Army intends to transform Joe Beef's Canteen into an Army Shelter for the poor bums. I never shall forget the first time that I paid a visit to Joe Beef's Canteen. There stood Joe with his sleeves rolled up behind the bar, and at the back of him two

Horrible Skeletons.

It made my blood run cold. On the counter he had a large glass jar filled with spirits, and the body of a child, enclosed; it looked like looking. He claimed it was of royal birth, and he gave that as a reason for its keeping in jar. Joe was a rough-looking fellow, but he had a soft place in his heart.

A friend mine by the name of Mr. J——— used to hold service every Sunday at Joe's canteen. Joe would march up the

Toughs and Bums

in and keep them quiet and attentive during the meeting, and they were always quiet when he was there. When Mr. J——— was leaving Montreal for Ottawa, Joe was wishing him good-bye; then Mr. J——— presented Joe with a copy of the Bible, which he gladly received, and Joe in a nice little speech said, "I was not always raised in this way. I have served long time in Her Majesty's Army, and made honest money, and putting his hand in his pocket he pulled out a

Beautiful Silver Watch and Gold Chain

and presented it to Mr. J ——— as a token of his regards.

I do not know if this is any use to you or not. Mr. J——— is dead now, so is Joe, *as I am sure they will have no objections to my writing of them.*

W. D.

[The letter are our own.—ED.]

A TOUR

IN THE

Chatham Division.

BY THE D. O.

Since the councils led by Commandant and Mrs. Booth in London, things seem to have taken a new start; officers are in much better heart, and there is a decided improvement all round, for which my heart says, "Give to Jesus glory!"

On our way home from London I was met in BURNWELL by Mrs. Marshall. We had a two days' of war and peace. We installed the new officers—Sergeant-Major Kennedy and Jim, and got our appetites sharpened for Sunday's fight. Things have been darkness and difficulty here of late, but we had good crowds, good interest, and showers of blessing in the meetings. The faithful old warriors were all on duty.

We put in a night at THAMESVILLE, and had a good time. They are having a revival here just now, and the officers and soldiers are on the mountain. Some have even

Got to Dancing Pitch.

May God keep it going. Capt. Storey is in high gear and good spirits, and feels confident of victory.

The Sortie and I arrived in CHATHAM on Thursday about seven p.m. Lieut. Brown was alone, the Captain not having yet arrived. That night we had a good time, the people, and the meeting was a little after the same fashion.

Next day "Friend Matthew," Lieutenant Scribe and myself boarded the train for SYDENHAM, and arrived there in time for dinner. This little place in the woods is all life and push, there being in the neighborhood of 100 converted in the first eight weeks, a large saw mills for which this place is noted. Some of the people were amazed at what we found ourselves on the march. The crowd followed us, and soon the hall (which is our only place) was full. Captain and Mrs. Howe worked very hard in this place, and the people appreciated their work and labor of love, and rallied round them in a practical manner. They got up a very nice ball at very little expense.

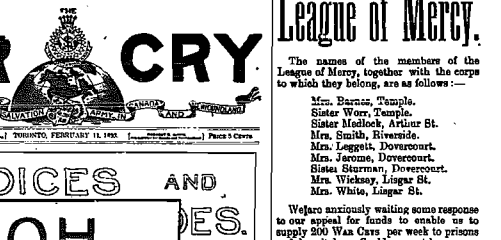
The Still Corners giving the Lumber,

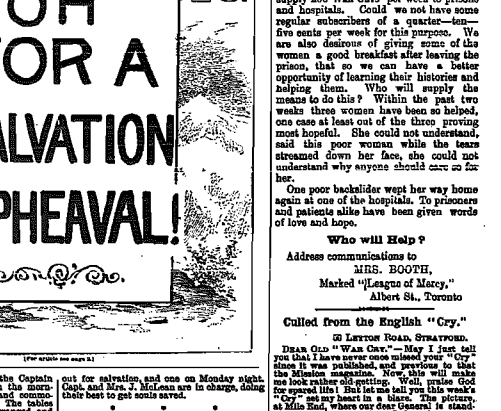
and the men doing the work after hours. The spiritual work went on as well in this place. We have twenty definite conversions in one fell of fire and zeal. We had a good meeting; the Sortie tried to teach the congregation to sing the new chorus,

"By and by Jesus will come,"

but did not succeed very well. He then gave his testimony, telling the people how a fine less young man he used to be, and how God saved him, a number of years ago, and the humble servant dedicated his life to the Lord, and pressed home the need of everyone present giving themselves to Jesus.

Next day—Saturday—we pitched our moving tent in LEAMINGTON for three days to finish with a banquet and jubilee. We were joined here by Mrs. Marshall. Reception tea high but the mercury ran very low, but the fire burned right in our tents. The barracks was packed out Saturday night, and the meeting went with a swing. All the old stand-bys and a number of new ones were there. Mrs. Marshall sang, Scribe read, and everybody got blessed. It was cold at seven o'clock Sunday morning, but some twenty-two mustered for knee-drill and God came specially near. The holiness meeting will never be forgotten by those present. Mrs. M——— held forth for almost an hour on what holiness is not, and what it is not. She had great liberty, and God the Holy Ghost applied the truth. The D.O. showed that holiness was not only a privilege but a necessity. Two expressed a desire and a willingness to enter into it, which we trust they did. Mrs. M——— gave her divine healing experience in the afternoon, and while she did so and spoke of God's love and tenderness to her, there were few dry eyes in the building. The testimony meeting was grand, and we felt that heaven had really begun, and that the post was not astray. When to said, "It was a heaven below my Jesus to know." The night was cold, and the snow was raging, for a wind blowing, and the snow flying, we had a crowded house, and the meeting was a very powerful one, and we felt that God was a work done but saw no visible results.





Monday was a busy day to all, the Captain was up and out bright and early in the morning, and everything was ready for the meeting in preparing for the banquet. The tables were all spread and beautiful. Amongst the groaning beneath their heavy load of all kinds of cooking such as the Leamington people know how to cook on the occasion of an Army banquet. Again and again were the tables filled and emptied, the banqueting continuing until nearly eight o'clock.

We were reinforced by officers, soldiers and friends from Essex, Kent, Lambton and Elgin Ridings. After the march we took possession of the Baptist Church, which was kindly loaned for the jubilee. Every seat was soon filled. After the usual opening preliminaries, the Sortie read a letter from Brigadier Pennycuick, representative officer from each corps spoke, Sergeant-Major Pagan, Captain Dadley, for Kingsville, "Tommy Ma Nallen," for Leamington, and others. Mrs. M. sang the "Army A. B. C," which was much appreciated. The different officers spoke, Capt. LaBrew sang, Scribe accompanied a solo, but for some reason broke down and refused to try again, so he gave us the benefit of his testimony instead. Mrs. Marshall spoke of her Training Days at the S.A., and of the marvellous change God had brought in her life. Four thousand people were brought the people face to face with their individual responsibility to their God and to their fellow-man.

Will our Eastern friends kindly note, that our Relief Fund is very much in need just now. We have been compelled to pay out very large sums these last twenty weeks. If you can spare a donation, send it to 98 Sydney Street, St. John.

There are two weddings on the go, which possibly take place in February. The names of these four comrades will be revealed later. May both parts be a source of help and strength to each other, and their devotion to God increase.

Others are coming on, but my dear comrades, do have patience, take time, don't let your heart run away with your head. These are mental faculties that should have a chance sometimes to speak. If you don't keep yourself cool, and have not received the blessing of hard work, don't ask any one to join you.

If you can't make your business go before you are married, you won't afterwards; whether that may be a soldier or officer, with the exception of extraordinary cases. Where the woman does the man's work. Such a man ought not to have had such a good wife.

Our work is getting souls saved; then let us go on and get the work done. There is nothing in this world compared with soul saving. If you can't get them saved before you are married, I fear you won't after. No more at present on this subject.

Maritime Matters.

BY BRIGADIER JACOBS.

I have visited St. STEPHEN, and had a fair time for Friday night. Some people are very conspicuous by their absence on a Friday night. The St. Stephen soldiers are exceptions, they turned out in good numbers.

We met Adjts. Prengle and Samons, of the Maine District, at MCADAM JUNCTION. It was just time to meet the train. The holiness meeting will never be forgotten by those present. Mrs. M——— held forth for almost an hour on what holiness is not, and what it is not. She had great liberty, and God the Holy Ghost applied the truth. The D.O. showed that holiness was not only a privilege but a necessity. Two expressed a desire and a willingness to enter into it, which we trust they did. Mrs. M——— gave her divine healing experience in the afternoon, and while she did so and spoke of God's love and tenderness to her, there were few dry eyes in the building. The testimony meeting was grand, and we felt that heaven had really begun, and that the post was not astray. When to said, "It was a heaven below my Jesus to know." The night was cold, and the snow was raging, for a wind blowing, and the snow flying, we had a crowded house, and the meeting was a very powerful one, and we felt that God was a work done but saw no visible results.

We buried Ann on Sunday. The service at the barracks was impressive. Nearly the whole congregation viewed the remains. The crowds were large, the barracks not near holiday time, two wished to come in.

At 2.30, we marched to the cemetery in procession: hundreds followed. The memorial service was held at night. Nine came

League of Mercy.

The names of the members of the League of Mercy, together with the corps to which they belong, are as follows:—

Mrs. Barnes, Temple.
Sister Were, Temple.
Sister Medlock, Arthur St.
Mrs. Smith, Riverside.
Mrs. Leggett, Dovercourt.
Mrs. Jerome, Dovercourt.
Sister Sherman, Dovercourt.
Mrs. Wicksey, Lisgar St.
Mrs. White, Lisgar St.

Welfare anxiously waiting some response to our appeal for funds to enable us to supply 200 WAR CRYS per week to prisons and hospitals. Could we not have some regular subscribers at a quarter, or five cents per week for this purpose. We are also desirous of giving some of the women a good breakfast after leaving the prison, that so we can have a better opportunity of learning their histories and helping them. Who will supply the means to do this? Within the past two weeks three women have been so helped, one case at least out of the three proving most hopeful. She could not understand, said this poor woman while the tears streamed down her face, she could not understand why anyone should care so for her.

One poor backslider wept her way home again at one of the hospitals. To prisoners and patients alike have been given words of love and hope.

Who will Help?

Address communications to

MRS. BOOTH,
Marked "League of Mercy,"
Albert St., Toronto

Culled from the English "Cry."

GS LEYTON ROAD, STRATFORD.

DEAR OLD "WAR CRY."—May I just tell you what I have seen and enjoyed since "Cry" since it was published, and previous to that the Mission magazine. Now, this will make you kind of anything. Well, enough. God for spared life! But let me tell you this week's "Cry" set my heart to work. I saw a picture at Mile End, where our dear General is standing, is the very spot where I first spoke to me, and I felt my heart go out to the General and send him all his needs," is my earnest prayer.

Good three days' fighting.

"We are bound for the land of the pure and the holy"

A few weeks after I was able to sing.

"So gone, vain world, thou hast no charms for me,"

the General helping me with all his heart and soul. I was saved in the Mission Room, New Road, Whitechapel. Don't I remember, but have forgotten the year; dear Bramwell said to remind me of that. I am still saved and fighting on! "Oh, what conflicts I have seen," but I am triumphant, and I'm going on to the end, "Oh! what an everlasting treat!

SELINA CHAPMAN.

P.S.—I think I see the General now wending his way, with, say, half-a-dozen or so, up Bailey's Row, with a lady in his head, to take a stand in Princess Street, back of Pavilion, singing the bell and inviting people to come to the "Cry" meeting. I can remember the dear old place in Three Colt Street, where the power of God fell on me, and I felt my heart leaven on earth. Oh, the many dear Christian Mission people I have watched when passing through the River! Glory be to God!

Lieut. Linton is very sick, and is in the St. John Hospital. Her mother is there. She will have an operation performed on him. Capt. Sissest is slowly improving. Pray for these comrades.

NEWS FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.

(Continued from Page 5.)

ACCOUNT OF THE INLAND DEMONSTRATIONS.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN REID.

Cold and bleak was the morning when the Commandant and Brigadier Holland entered "The Narrows" on that splendid Allan liner, the *Mongolian*. Eagerly a big crowd had passed the wharf the day previous, peering through the fog and mist, trying to get a glimpse of the steamer, but as night drew on "Hope deferred" had made the heart sick, and the comrades returned to their home to await "the dawning of the morning."

Morning came clear and bright. A few minutes after seven the flag was run up to the top of the flag pole on Signal Hill. For some time the D.O. and Ensign Mayne (bog pardon, Adjutant) had stood that wheel, and it is no wonder that the fluttering of the flag, which told of the *Mongolian's* nearness, raised hopes within their breasts. A few moments longer and she is seen bearing direct into "the Narrows."

The Firing of our Rockets

evidently caused many of the city Salvationists, for the time she had moored safely at the wharf, a vast concourse of soldiers and friends had mustered, who had determined to make the Commandant feel at home the moment he put his foot on Newfoundland soil. "Yes there he is!" Brigadier Holland is with him," and like ejaculations escaped the lips of many. The spectator was there, and he did his share, as the *Telegram* of the following day went to show. God bless the reporters!

Sinners must have felt the terrible truth of the Commandant's first words as he stepped on that wharf. A ring had been formed composed of Salvationists, and around this ring the crowds gathered. A short written welcome read by Adjutant Hague, some lively, happy music, and then a very dear lassie pitched in right and left for God and souls. His words being

Winged with Love and Compassion

took hold, and although very tired and worn out from his seventy hours sea journey amid a tempestuous storm, his words left an impression on that big crowd.

A few hours' rest and sleep and the Commandant's tour began in real earnest. On account of the delay in the steamer's arrival the original tour round the Bay had to be rearranged. This brought HAY ROSSPEE first on the list. THIRON is six miles from B.B. and on arrival there, several of the comrades were waiting with sleighs to convey us over the hills to BONAVISTA BAY to that noted place HAY ROSSPEE. Captain Joel had prepared rations, and for a few minutes we spent a happy time round the table of that little quarters. Before supper, however, the Commandant had a strong desire to see the little "Glad Tidings," which was moored out in the harbor. Brigadier Holland accompanied him, but we fear they got far from the shore

The Field Secretary "Caught a Crab."

and was soon basis up in the air. The return journey, however, was made in safety and in a short time we were all at the head of a large procession of brave Army warriors. No fine brass band led off but four big drums were brought into action, and four "colors" were also carried at the head of the march.

The barracks was literally packed! How upon any of he happy, lassie, smiling faces graced the platform, or "the stage," or "the soafold," as they choose to call it here on the island. Poor Jacob fell in his element and entered with life and vim into this his first M.P. public meeting. How eagerly those faces listened as he told of the onward march of the Kingdom! Then that hallelujah wind-up! Ah, who can describe it? Where is the rev'ly writer who can properly describe with pen and ink a Bay Bonavista free-and-easy? With life, energy and go they dance unto the Lord.

And now soon, too soon, our troubles were to begin. Locomotion is not so easy on the inland

as in Canada. Railroad facilities are at a discount. We, therefore, had to do the next best thing.

Newfoundland Ponies

are not very big of stature, but they are plucky. They are at times as unmanageable as little as later developments went to prove. Thirteen miles was the distance which separated BAY DESORT from Port Rexton, and the Commandant had to get there somehow.

The pony hired to pull our leader and the Brigadier was rather lazy at times, hence speed was slow. After many ups and downs HARBOR GRACE was reached. A rest of ten, on board again, and off for CARBONEAR, but wait! That little horse was tired and failed to see the necessity of again pulling Salvationists over snow-banks, and after getting just outside the town

Flatly Refused to go Another Yard.

The only alternative was to return and get on board another sleigh behind a better tempered pony. This was a successful venture and CARBONEAR was reached all O.K. at 5 a.m.

A hard, tedious day was put in at Carbonear. That big Methodist church, holding at least twelve hundred people, was literally packed galleries and all. The whole audience listened with rapt attention as the Commandant spoke living words, thrilling words, powerful words as to the Army's onward march. The Rev. James and his trustees had

Kindly planned this big Building at our Disposal,

being only too pleased to see and hear the General's son. A living stream of people poured into the doors of this church for some time before the meeting began.

Brigadier Holland had charge of the holiness meeting, which was simplicity itself. How those soldiers love each other! Love! This is evidently the strength of the CARBONEAR corps. When one testifies to other, prays for him. It is very little wonder then that at the close of this meeting five knelt at the Cross weeping over past unfaithfulness and pleading for deliverance, which we believe they received. No wonder either that

The Field Secretary Danced.

Ah! he enjoyed himself and no mistake. One cannot help but feel at home in the presence of such loyal Salvationists as this.

What a scene! A certain Lieutenant actually pushing the Commandant, Brigadier Holland and the D.O. through a side window

because they could not get through that crowd at the door. However, all turned out well, and that night meeting was a blessed one. Sinners winced as our leader's burning counsel, advice and warning fell upon their ears.

"Five Souls in Five Minutes!"

shouted a comrade; and sure enough God gave more, for six people immediately left their seats during the space of six minutes and fell at the Cross. Altogether thirteen found mercy that night. Oh, what a dancing, happy time we had at the finish!

Tired and weary the Commandant went to his billet after having received his over, his mind, and his heart during a real Newfoundland S. A. wind up. His rest was not to be very long nor undisturbed, for early next morning he was up and preparing for a four-mile drive across "the barrens" to HEART'S CONTENT, a noted little village in the telegraphic cable connection. A meeting was to be conducted there on the Tuesday night. This arrangement was altered, however. Brigadier Holland

Got out a Patent Poster

announcing a meeting for the next morning in the church at 10:30 a.m., and off we drove to HARVE HARBOR, a long drive of fourteen additional miles. Readers cannot imagine the tediousness of such a journey. Up one hill, down another, getting out here and there to run and warm ourselves. All such experiences go to make up a very trying journey. However, we did reach HARVE HARBOR. We shall not soon forget that neat, newly-papered quarters and barracks, nor Capt. Stilley's kindness in the supper line. It is no wonder that

The Commandant was Amused

at the little gallery which the soldiers had fitted in the end of the barracks on purpose to accommodate more people. It was filled with boys, and these boys "on the shelf" did sing indeed and fire volleys.

So earnestness was our dear leader not to disappoint his officers and soldiers in any way that after a hard battle and much speaking at HARVE HARBOR, he actually decided to

Board the Sleigh Once More

and drive back to HEART'S CONTENT. About a hundred and fifty people gathered to listen to the General's son. The little Methodist Church resounded with the praises of God. The soldiers of this brave little corps can evidently make themselves at home in any place or at any time. Many testified to God's goodness, and for over an hour the Commandant interested the audience by his stirring words about the progress of the Salvation Army all over the world.

"The Commandant Got a Tree!"

Decidedly so. On leaving HEART'S CONTENT on our return journey to Harbor Grace, a woodman with his axe, sleigh and dogs went out on the road. Gladly the man loaned his axe for this purpose, and soon the Commandant's coat is thrown off. In a business-like way he seizes the axe, with the result that a good-sized tree soon lies across the *same*. On the opposite side of the road the Field Secretary

Pulled yet another Tree,

and we have some of the chips in our possession at the present time. Adjutant Hague blinked that Jo would make a model boat out of his.

What a blizzard there we were, entered CARBONEAR and HARBOR GRACE. O, how we wondered and wondered what the H. G. folks would think, did we arrive late. Yes, though at times almost blinded by the snow, we reached the town in good time for the meeting. Yes, we did arrive late, such a terrible night, faced our leader in that big hall. Intensity that kindled in him as he told

In his own inimitable way

of the awful consequences of sin, and the dangers of being too religious (!) We feel sure that if these people just take in his advice and put it out into practice, much good will be the result of the Commandant's visit.

We should have said that the BRIGUS meeting was so good as any. The barracks was literally packed. The soldiers had the advantage, for there were many who could not get in simply because they had not their pass. Capt. Goodyear and his sister did well. The Commandant felt very comfortable in "the Roost." This being the last of his campaigns round the Bay, he launched out. His story of the Yorkshire cab driver, and the first-class passengers, set all the audience in a roll. It was a blessed time throughout.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

The *Evening Telegram*, of St. Johns, Newfoundland, gives a five-column report of the select meeting which was held in the Methodist College hall. It states that hundreds could not get admitted.

After describing who was there, and summarizing the Commandant's address, the *Evening Telegram* goes on to say:—

"It would be impossible with our limited space to follow the Commandant through his eloquent address. His words, like electric darting upon the attention of the hearer, burnt into the very core of their being, stirring their warmest sympathy and most enthusiastic applause. His peroration

Reached a Height of Eloquence and Sublimity

not easily surpassed. His whole soul and purpose, thrown into his earnest utterances, conveyed them to the vehicle and tongue of a hearer with convincing power and irresistible effect. His description of the fruits of the liquor traffic in the East End of London, and the vice and crime following in its train amongst the southern miners, were terrible in the extreme, and his appeal to the funeral the Christian world and the Divine aid with a view to

The Overthrow of the Terrible Curse,

were powerful beyond description. His pleading diction and beautifully rounded sentences, so pithy and pointed, and so exactly adapted to the occasion, completely captivated the enthusiastic attention of the audience for over two hours. A resolution thanking the Commandant for his able address was moved by Rev. Mr. Cocker (Methodist), seconded by Robert Thorburn, and supported by Hon. J. Vinnicombe. A collection was taken up during the meeting. The Rev. Dr. Milligan closed the proceedings with prayer.

Chief Secretary's Notes.

Thrilling is the word to express the experience of the Commandant since he left Toronto for the East. All nights in a Sleeper; days deep in snow drifts; ninety-two miles of sleighdriving through sleet. A tempestuous voyage to and from Halifax; a non-stick Brigadier on the water, and a pioneer Brigadier on the land (the P. B. in both cases.) All live happenings, not even minus fifty per cent. in the imaginative brain of the C. S., form part of the accompaniments of the trip so far.

However, they are but details after all. The physical courage and endurance needed to combat them for the first time is a matter for gratitude. I desire to chime in with a further note of praise to God for permitting me to remain at home and alternate between Blanche and Albert Streets. Up to date I have found quite sufficient of the spice of adventure in walking tracks up and down Yonge Street twice a day learning to keep on unruffled countenance while confronted with the constant and immediate prospect of occupying a horizontal position on the icy pavement.

The Commandant has had some meetings. The Salvation Army is still alive in Newfoundland. The rather cool atmosphere of October has changed for a hasty song in Newfoundland. God is honored, loved, and worshipped by its soldiers there. They fight His battles, rejoice in His salvation, and are endued with the Holy Ghost. Some of the leaders in this island have been a cheer and inspiration to the Commandant. He is thoroughly enjoying his visit and he has witnessed of devotion to God and souls. The soul of our years ago is burning in its country to-day.

I like to take my readers into confidence as much as possible. To do this I have several times run the risk of a well-merited critical retort. So so once more to please and interest you I possible. This time let me give you a few quotations, extracts from the Commandant's personal letter of forty-four pages written to me from Newfoundland. He says:—

"*As to the work it is splendid.* . . . I have the equity enjoyed these gatherings. . . . I am simple-hearted, go ahead, real Salvation Army people. . . . In these little places the work is very encouraging. . . . Corps of 60 and 100 soldiers, populations of 1,000 persons, and six years old. With the same zeal as when they started. . . . It is really encouraging."

Once or two extracts as to the incidents already referred to may also be interesting. The Commandant says:—

"I seem to have been away ages. . . . We have had a very rough time of it too. . . . Started out a fourteen passenger . . . Forty-eight hours

more than we bargained for. . . . Glad you were not with me. . . . I think you would have turned twisted. Being tossed to and fro among people were knocked topsy-turvy. . . . However, I am alive and have not lost my baggage. . . . Sometimes I feel as if I could help it, so I just on a spurt and run and shoot good full pressure. . . . I cannot attempt to describe these days, something quite new and novel. . . . Boxing up in a little, and crawl and cover. . . . Boss keeping up between coal and ice. . . . Very quiet, very quiet, and rugged, and cold either. . . . Travelling is anything but comfortable at the time. . . . Little straight up and down and turn, block and freeboot regions. . . . Over these roads it is very difficult to travel, and we are almost crazy, sometimes up to our waist in snow, and sometimes up to our knees in water, two steps by sleighs, and once nice meetings in five days. Did not get much sleep last night. Slept on a table on the road, arriving at one place 4.15 a.m. and another at 8 a.m. . . . God has given us success. . . . Have done my best to bless and cheer people."

Thank God for the strength and pluck with which the Commandant has been able to go through with these, too many, arduous advances to any man who is strange to them, but especially dangerous to those who have their care, those who know him are well aware, he has run in an unflinching determination to go through with his appointments.

When you read this the Commandant will have reached New Brunswick. No doubt some more tragic events will have occurred. The Editor has kindly promised to daily let the readers of note book and pencil in hand, two eyes fully fixed on the mail box, and assisted by Staff-Capt. Simco, who is with the chief department is so very alert for information just now that possibly some items will be condensed and printed in the next issue, even before the C. S. has the privilege of knowing they exist. I had to take care of the last two days given this week or it would have been eaten up. I did not know the Commandant had arrived in Newfoundland until I saw it in the WAR CRY, notwithstanding the fact that I had been agitating for two days hoping to get the first information.

Mrs. Booth returned from Peterboro' very sick. She ought not to have undertaken the journey, but persisted in keeping her appointment. While there she successfully hit away a sense of promotion, and not only succeeded in having an intensely profitable meeting, but spent several hours the next day, accompanied by the indefatigable Staff-Capt. Sims, visiting friends for subscriptions to the Rescue Work. Very little financial help is this important department of the S.A., as a result of Mrs. Booth's visit to Peterboro', was over $100. The advantages to the Kingdom we will not attempt to average, the Recording Angel will do that.

Staff-Capt. Simco is in Montreal collecting funds for the Joe Beef Canteen. His wife has returned from her tour in behalf of the Rescue Work. Major Scott, Major Hall and Staff-Capt. Fisher spent last Sunday at Niagara Falls. Major Scott has been appointed to Montreal to superintend the operations in transformed tenement. When they are completed he will take charge of this important Social Work. Staff-Capt. McIntyre is pushing forward in a most energetic manner at the Temple.

Major Baugh gives notice of the arrival of a little son. His comrades will regret to hear that sickness has fallen upon his household at the same time. One of his boys has rheumatic fever, and just now the Major and his dear wife need our sympathy and prayers.

Mrs. Booth's MEMOIRS.

Again Accepted!

Sister Syers, of the Lindsay Corps, takes up the offer to sell fifty "Crys" for ten weeks to secure the above, and sells sixty the first week.

NEXT WEEK!

The - Commandant's - Meetings at - Halifax!

Colonel Mackenzie

ON "THE PLATFORM" WITH A CHARACTERISTIC BIBLE READING.

CONCLUSION OF

"LIFE GUARDS' MARCH."

ILLUSTRATED.

(Crowded out this week.)

WAR TOPICS

A Newfoundland Cry!

The current issue, our readers will note, is distinctly devoted to information of that interesting part of the Canada battlefield.

At Brantbridge last week they had the largest march in five years.

Hurrah for the General! It is announced in the *English Cry* that he will visit Canada in the fall.

A very old man tottered to the penitent-form at the Temple on Sunday night. We expect he'll go into heaven with a bound.

Next week! Owing to the Commandant's report, the balance of the "First Life Guards' March" has been held over till then.!

We can do very nicely with a few good original songs set to original music. If you can't do the music, send in some blood-and-fire words to popular airs.

STEADYBROOK FALLS, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Mrs. Booth's visit to Peterboro' was eminently successful in every respect. The Press, as will be seen in another column, courteously reproduced the Cry.

Compliments Capt. Hay, the Barrie folks will join us too when they see those splendid tour in the Toronto Division, and reports a splendid three days' campaign at Lindsay; two souls professed salvation.

The reports on another page of the Commandant's visits are tinged with the same fire and energy for which characterized the meetings. St. Johns I. corps history, too, with the various illustrations scattered throughout our columns.

Captain Landers has forwarded us a letter from Yesu Prakas, of the Colombo Headquarters, in which he says, "We see a decided improvement in the Canadian Cry." There are a few people at any rate who: opinion are not impaired.

The Commandant will have returned ere this issue is in the hands of our readers. The new Shelter will be opened soon after his arrival, and other revelations will no doubt quickly appear. We live in troubles times—a moving age.

Quite a number of special correspondents have send in their names. These have been entertained to the D.O.'s, and on their recommendation steps will be taken to have the S.C.'s duty installed. Now to *Northwester*, here's a chance.

Corps Mysteries! Parry Sound will appear in our next, followed by a short sketch of the Barrie Corps the week after. We are anxiously waiting to hear from a few more.

We could a tale unfold! Dare we publish the correspondence of one week, what an interesting Cry would be produced. Comments, advice, criticism of various degrees, would certainly make a *Kaleidoscopic Judge-page*, in plain Anglo-Saxon, *Irish Stew*.

We are very sorry to learn that Mrs. Adjutant Evans continues to be quite poorly, but we trust there will soon be an improvement. The Adjutant has his hands full in the Exchange Department, as our readers perhaps will notice from the number of cuts appearing in this issue, illustrating typical scenes of Newfoundland.

Our special correspondent from St. Thomas sent us something for "Current Events." It reads as follows:—"Harry Lindop's plaining mill took fire last week at midnight and was burned to the ground. One man came to town and brought his dinner, was greatly surprised. What will be the surprise of empty pocketed men who have gone to labor for God and find that their false hope is all gone!"

I casually dropped across a pamphlet a day or two ago from which I was highly amused at what. I found that the noble concern to which I belonged is entirely unscriptural. The uniform is not scriptural. It is unscriptural to ask uncovered people for money. (We should get little in some places if that course was cut off.) It is quite an exhaustive disquisition. We are sorry that the writer should have thus wasted his energies as the time has hardly arrived when his eloquence may prove valuable. We think he would have done well to have taken a tip from Rip Van Winkle.

The Tenth Anniversary Demonstrations at Kingston were a decided success. The Kingston corps enjoys a position that over a hundred dollars were realized at the banquet. Large crowds were present in the evening at the meeting which were attended with good spiritual results.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A former prominent business man in Toronto was found dead, kneeling by a chair at his bedside, yesterday morning.

A certain priest in this city prefaced his sermon with some very concise remarks on the practice of people walking to and out of church during the service. We are inclined to think that sometime a little more than mere advice on this line could be ventured from our own platform.

A brakesman supposed to be on top of a car on entering the Victoria Bridge at Montreal, was struck, and knocked off the car. He was not missed until the train arrived at Point St. Charles. Search was made, when found, he was dead and his body terribly mangled. The circumstances are extremely sad, and a forcible reminder of the uncertainty of life.

European affairs have changed somewhat suddenly. It is announced, that Russia is likely to become the ally of Germany, in which case the *entente* which has been formed between Russia and France would be at an end. We are little concerned in these matters, our thoughts being absorbed in earnest desire and endeavor to see all the nations of the earth allied to the Kingdom of God.

England's turn seems now to have come for an agitation concerning the strength and condition of her navy. It is stated, according to recent disputes, steps will be taken to overhaul and entirely reorganize the same. There are many complaints of the inefficiency in naval organization. The underlying principal of all, however, must be insubordination. Nelson is true of mundane armies in this particular can also be applied to the spiritual.

Much uneasiness has been felt concerning the *City Pekin*, which sailed from Yokohama on Jan. 10th, and was several days overdue, having broken her shaft about seven hundred miles from San Francisco. She is, however, safely in port at Honolulu, and the delight is doubtless of her passengers and their friends. There is always a great deal of anxiety attached to the fate of a vessel when overdue. Also, how much more distressing in a mishap to those who number on their passenger lists a few favorite prospects, yet made shipwreck, and but too frequently never reach port.

A prairie fatality has occured near Winnipeg. A man started out during the heavy storm last Friday night to drive across the prairie to a neighbor's, only eight miles away. He has not since been heard of, and is believed to have perished on the prairie. It is extremely dangerous to traverse a wilderness especially in blinding snow storm, and we do not wonder at any time. Hence the importance of having something to indicate a track or path. Hitherto it has been left to the ingenuity of each settler, and very loudly, and though shallow critics and sceptics presume to question the mercy so afflicted to Divine Providence, it is not by extraordinary means that some are rescued to their danger, but it is merely the event to escape, so that a greater calamity may be avoided.

The citizens of the Queen City breathe more freely since the fate of the desperadoes whose daring exploits are well known to our readers. Detective Duncan deserves great praise for the pluck and tact manifested in effecting the arrest of the latter, who was the leading part of the stolen property, and sending a letter written in an air of ridicule and contemptuous. A clue was obtained. Great detective in a skillful manner followed up until the arrests were made. Many glories in crime, are may seem to enjoy momentary triumph, but the declaration "Be sure your sins will find you out" stands out significantly in spite of men's efforts to persuade themselves differently.

A very sad accident occurred at Victoria, near Lindsay, Ont., on Sunday night last. A farmer and his wife were returning from church when by a strange noise, which served to show that the house was on fire. Rushing to the house to rescue the children, he got outside, the man remembered that his aged mother was still in the house. Rushing to her rescue, he entered the building, but was evidently overcome. The eldest daughter, in tender anxiety, went to see if she could find her father, but it was destined to be her last search, for the house collapsed in the burning flames. The bereaved hearted widow and mother, in scant clothing, ran her way to a neighbor's, which was quite a distance away. Although frost-bitten in several parts of her body, she survived the ordeal till they were safely housed at the place of refuge. It seldom falls to the lot of any journal to chronicle such a peculiarly sad episode, and certainly extremary rare to be privileged to chronicle such deeds of heroism. The Toronto *Empire* very kindly suggests that particulars should be ascertained as to the poor women's prospects for the future, and that steps be taken accordingly. We cannot pass by the above incident without drawing attention to the forcible moral and illustration it contains when applied to spiritual matters. There are holocausts on every hand—the saloon, the liquors, and various similar hazards, in which there are souls dashed to destruction, here and hereafter. There is a way to them, and it is within the reach of all, and we cannot avail himself of those resources that will enable him to snatch as brands from the burning many who are ready to perish.

Victory's Ringing Cheer Resounds in Many Camps.

THRILLING TIDINGS FROM THE FRONT.

117 Captures Reported.

FIRE A VOLLEY!

Synopsis of Prisoners and Reports.

Division	Souls.	Reports.
Toronto	5	6
London	2	2
Kingston	14	5
Montreal	1	1
Manitoba	7	4
British Columbia	1	2
Barrie	14	4
Ottawa	0	0
Chatham	0	1
Hamilton	0	6
St. John	56	9
Moncton	0	0
Halifax	0	4
Newfoundland	5	2
Total	117	46

Toronto Division.

STAFF-CAPT. BEATTY, D. O.

A Welcome Guest.

COBOURG.—For sometime we have been willing an officer, but God has been with us and richly blessed us. Capt. Brewer, of Kingston, came over to help us, and we had a grand day on Sunday. In the morning three came out for the blessing. In the evening we held a visit in our Norland quarters, where we had a splendid meeting.—C. H. READ.

Mrs. Booth's Visit.

BOWMANVILLE.—Mrs. Booth was greeted by a full house of greedy listeners. Her winning manner was fully appreciated, and her uncompromising talk and soul-felt sound convinced the most cynical that a greater than human power was in her midst. We are having glorious victory here. We are believing for greater things.—Lieut. HOLLYER, Capt. McAMMOND.

Held up His Hand.

LITTLE YORK.—Thank God we are alive unto righteous. The past week has been a good time to our souls. On Sunday one man held up his hand to be prayed for.—Capt. BRINDLEY.

David and Goliath.

WHITBY.—Although the devil comes in queer shapes, yet, thank God, we have the victory over him. Last week we had with us D. O. Beatty, and a most blessed and profitable time we had. The D. O. said it was the best he's had in Whitby, and you would have thought so too if you'd seen the soldiers fall of fire and enthusiasm while the D. O. was hammering it into the *wolves in sheep's clothing*. One woman went house disgusted because the D. O. called the stones that David killed the Philistine with *three-cornered* instead of round. Loyalty to God, the General, and Commandant, is the motto of the Whitby corps.—F. R. B.

Two True Dreams.

UXBRIDGE.—We had a pound meeting on Saturday night and received $4 worth of provisions, consisting of beef, sugar, raisins, bread, oatmeal, and apples.

Sunday meetings good all day. Knee-drill was a time of blessing, and the holiness meeting God came in power.

In the afternoon a young man under conviction, but would not yield.

7 p.m. Soldiers met at the quarters for a prayer meeting and asked God to save souls. Went to the night meeting full of faith. The Captain's subject was, "Two dreams that come true," and God came in mighty power and took hold of the people. The Captain asked those who wanted to be saved to hold up their hands, and four responded, three of the number walking out to the penitent-form, two followed afterwards, making five for the night.—MOSES LINTON.

An Open Grave.

WEST TORONTO JUNCTION.—We were very glad to have Capt. Haas and Lieut. Adams with us for Sunday. We would have been better pleased to have seen sinners plunging in the fountain. The little one belonging to Brother and Sister Daniels has crossed over the river, and we stood around his open grave and sang:

"Live for Thee, Saviour, I will live for Thee."

We thank God for the privilege of living for Him.—Capt. H. L. COOK.

And from the days of John the Baptist until now, the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.

Perseverance Must Win.

ROCKWOOD.—God's faithful band is still toiling away. We are glad to say that our hearts have not grown weary. We are dealing with the people faithfully and for eternity, and hope soon to see the results of our labor.—Lieut. HARRY STEVENS.

The Devil Disgusted.

BRANTFORD.—Last Sunday, after the meeting, a poor man came to the captain and asked him to visit his wife and three little children, who were in a destitute condition. The captain promised he would, went down, and found the poor little ones huddled together round the fire, and the mother in bed drunk, and the devil in the form of two men prowling around. After telling the captain how she had brought drink to drown her sorrow, she asked him to come again the next day. We pray that she may be brought to the light. While one of the brothers was out WAR CRY selling, he came across a backslider in a saloon. He asked him to buy a CRY. No, he hadn't got money. After a little talk, he bought a copy. Coming a little more talk, and then he found five cents for a CRY. A poor old gray-haired man came in, a little more talk, and then he got on their knees and prayed. When they arose, both were in tears. Hallelujah! We gained victory through the blood.—Special Correspondent.

The Angel of Death.

HAMILTON I.—Our meets were cheered by the good day God gave us yesterday. From knee-drill, until the close of the night meeting, God was with us. We noticed a good improvement in the numbers at the meetings. And then, did we not see two kneeling at the mercy-seat seeking forgiveness—a young girl, and a middle-aged woman. God met with each of our sisters. Hallelujah! While we were busily engaged seeking the lost, death visited the family of our comrade, Handsman Burrows, and took his last will from his side. We deeply sympathize with him in this hour of deep sorrow; but as far as our sister is concerned, she had long since made her peace with God, and lived in fellowship with Jesus. We believe we shall meet her again in glory. Day breaks and the shadows flee away.—Capt. MRS. CLARKE.

Barrie Division.

ADJT. COLLIER, D. O.

Altogether Good.

BRACEBRIDGE.—Victory is our song. Good meetings all week, good crowds, good order, good collections and glorious souls.—Capt. HILL.

Jack Frost Active.

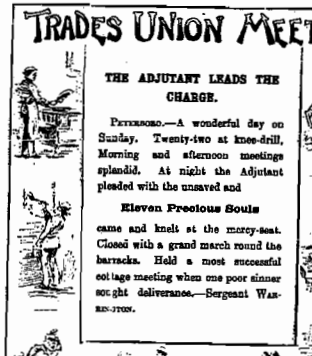
BARRIE.—Since you last heard from us we have had a very severe spell of weather. Although it has stormed nearly every day and snowed very deep, we have managed to keep our crowds kept up well. On Sunday last three came out seeking a clean heart, and yesterday in the holiness meeting three more came out to pray, out, feeling that they were not what they ought to be, and made a full surrender.—Capt. J. W. HAY.

Home at Last.

PARRY SOUND.—God is with us. His Spirit is leading us on all truth. A young man who had lost his peace and drifted from the fold came back to God and took his place at the cross again. Hallelujah!—Capt. H. ANDERSON.

League Members Appreciated.

NEWMARKET.—The work is still going on here and souls are being saved. The Leagues report we have seen the aged as well as the young come to the Lord for mercy. Our platoon is far too small for soldiers and converts. We had with us yesterday (Sunday) two AXILLIERIES who did good service; one took the morning and the other sang a solo in the afternoon meeting, and God came very near.—Capt. GARNET.



THE ADJUTANT LEADS THE CHARGE.

PETERBORO.—A wonderful day on Sunday. Twenty-two at knee-drill. Morning and afternoon meetings splendid. At night the Adjutant pleaded with the unsaved and

Eleven Precious Souls

came and knelt at the mercy-seat. Closed with a grand march round the barracks. Held a most successful cottage meeting when one poor sinner sought deliverance.—Sergeant WARREN-TON.

A Special "Go."

ST. JOHN III.—Our meetings this week have been special. Our Trades Union meeting went off grandly, Lieutenant flipped pancakes, Brother Whetmore painted, Bro. Wilson made a shelf, another Brother sawed wood, while others sawed, cleaned lamps, knives, swept, kept, etc. We believe soon to see souls getting saved through the efforts put forth for their salvation.—Capt. L. L. HOLMAN.

Hamilton Division.

STAFF-CAPT. SHARP, D.O.

New Faces.

ST. CATHARINES.—Things are looking very bright just now. Our crowds are increasing. We had a splendid Sunday. Two souls came out, soul found Christ. We have had a visit from our new D. O., who is also Mrs. Simcoe, the Rescue Secretary.—Capt. AYRE.

The Rescue Work.

NIAGARA FALLS.—Last Wednesday night, we had a visit from our new D. O. The crowd was rather small on account of other attractions in town, and we had not much time to announce his coming. But, however, we had a nice time. On Thursday night we had with us Mrs. Staff-Capt. Simcoe, Rescue Secretary. We had a good crowd, and quite a little sum was raised to help along the work she came to represent. Rev. T. A. Moore was present with us also, and read too lesson. One soul came to Jesus a week ago last Sunday.—Lieut. FRANK KENNEDY.

Stick to It.

PARIS.—Four souls have knelt at the mercy seat since last report. Amongst them, two Juniors. All are doing nicely. The motto of this corps is, never give in.—W. M. Special C. O.

My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.

Kingston Division.

STAFF-CAPT. BOLTON, D.O.

All Sorts of Conditions.

KINGSTON.—Bandsmen, soldiers and converts are all glorious in well spiritedness. Sinners are getting saved; two this week that never sought it before. Backsliders are coming home. The string band is doing well and is the front. Christians are getting blessed.

Just on the Verge.

CAMPBELLFORD.—We are having victory. WAR CRY all sold out. Knee-drill increased at knee-drill. Real blood-and-fire meetings all day and one soul saved. Two souls are just on the verge of the fountain. Lord, help them to step in.—Lieut. J. BRADFORD.

Judge not by Sight.

TRENTON.—Although we have no barracks here and we only muster three strong on the march (Captain, Lieutenant and drum), still we have some blessed little meetings in our quarters, and also at Canacoon, our outpost, where the people always seem glad to see us.—Capt. LASTER.

Ten Bites for Wood.

PORT HOPE.—I am glad to say things are getting better and better. Sunday was a fine day in for God and our faith is growing. Brother Pickle drove me in the morning five miles into the country on Tuesday. We had a good time and secured some wood, visited two homes, and got ten bites for our holiness meeting. We have some good friends here and we are in need of a big revival.

The holiness meeting on Sunday was grand; we got a super blessing. The sisters led the meeting at night; Sister Tyler gave a home able position of color-sergeant. We believe for a revival.—Capt. A. E. WM. GRAVE.

British Columbia Dist.

STAFF-CAPT. BANKS, D.O.

A Coffee Pot Solo.

VICTORIA, B.C.—The great musical battle which we had announced so long, really took place on Tuesday night. It was a great success in every way. All sorts of instruments to the front. A novel feature was the coffee pot solo. One of the brothers brought forth music by blowing through the spout. Best seats of all at the door, one cried for mercy.—ONE WHO WAS THERE.

The First Shot Fired.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—The people living at Sapperton—about two miles from here—for a long while have been wanting the Army to have meetings there. They gave us a hall free of rent, and the soldiers fixed it up nicely, and last Wednesday night was the time appointed to open fire. We marched out with band to the front. Some of our comrades came over from Vancouver to assist, and when we got to the hall we had to squeeze in as it was full, and many outside who couldn't get in. We had a really profitable meeting although no one was saved, yet we believe that a real solid work will be done amongst the people there. There was another meeting held Sunday afternoon; some of our soldiers went, led on by Lieut. Parker. The hall was packed again; they had a good time and we are believing for souls.

We had good meetings here in the city last week-end. Sunday morning one out for holiness, and at night two came up their hands to be prayed for.—Capt. HAYES.

Newfoundland District.

STAFF-CAPT. HEAD, D. O.

Nets all Set.

TILT COVE, NFLD.—Sinners here are getting saved. Most of the fishermen have pulled up their nets and laid by their hooks for another season, but we have just put ours out and we are fully believing for a good catch when we pull in. The spiritual condition of this corps is pretty good, and if every soldier goes in to do all God commands of them we shall win many of these warm-hearted miners for Jesus.

On Thursday night we were favored with a visit from Ensign Magee, who remained with us for Sunday, during which time special meetings were conducted. The seed sown will certainly spring up in the near future.—Capt. PENNEL.

She Didn't Want to Move.

BRIGUS, NFLD.—There have been a few S.A. meetings held here lately, and it was my lot to be present on Tuesday night, Jan. 10th. The meeting had been announced for the night previous, but owing to the weather we were unable to reach there, so on this occasion we were not sure of getting a crowd. But after a while they came, and we had a good time. It was an old dwelling-house with the partitions taken out and seats rigged up.

During the testimony meeting my attention was called to a person kneeling among the crowd crying for mercy to save her. We went into the prayer-meeting right away. This one got through, and then the Spirit was given for others. One or two volunteered, and while trying to make room for them to kneel I asked a woman whom I thought was saved to move. Very reluctantly she started a little, and while dealing with the crowd I heard the groaning and praying to God to save her. In a little while she got through.

We closed up with five saved. We then walked four miles home. We turned in that night tired and happy.—W. JENNINGS.

Halifax District.

ADJT. JEWER, D. O.

Roll Up Your Sleeves.

BEAR RIVER, N. S.—We were rejoiced on Thursday night to welcome Capt. Hallett back. She has been appointed to Halifax, and will second Lieut. Weare to the front full of go and determined to conquer. Our motto is, "Glory Tom," "Shooting Willie," "Erikson Sailor," "Edgett" our solo singer, were all there in good fighting trim. "Sonty Jim" was also there happy as usual. At the night meeting we had some good time. Penitents form. They all got well saved and went home happy. Happy Erikson sang a song in the Scandinavian language, which was appreciated by the audience—a fellow-countryman of his being among the number that got saved. We are in for victory at this corps, and intend by God's help to have it. Since writing the above we have had three more souls.—S.

Manitoba District.

BRIGADIER MARGETTS, D.O.

A Seven Mile Tramp.

MT. LEHMAN.—The devil is losing some of his followers. Six have this week deserted his ranks, amongst them Comrade Vanderver and wife. Sergeant-major Bell, who was appointed last night we opened our new hall, where we expect to have grand times. On Sunday we will have to walk seven miles to the Sand Hills, and Lieut. Constable, S1, Mr. Watkins S1, Mr. Matthews, S1, Mr. Bell S1, Mr. Bell S1, Mr. Bell S1, Mr. Johnson, S4, Mr. J. Moody, S5, Father Gray, S3, Mrs. Bell S1, Mrs. Bell S1, Mrs. Bell S1, Mrs. Bell S1, Miss Elliott, S5, Sister Coffin, S2, S. M. Reilly, S6, Bro. Clements, S6, A. Williams, S2, Bro. Thomas, S2, Bro. Hearne, S1, Bro. Patterson, S1, Mr. Bell, S1, All of Valerie, S1, Bro. Gibson, S1, Bro. Mrs Hart, S1, Bro. Little, S1, Bro. French, S3, Capt. Gordon, S1, Bro. Cox, S1, C. L. Marshall and Bro. Dougherty, S1.50 each, Sergt. N Kennedy, S1, All of New Westminster, S1, Bro. Bowen, S4, W. Bright, Calgary, S1, Bro. Barker, Calgary, 50c, Mr. Wood, Vancouver, S1, Mrs. Wood, Vancouver, S1, O. Viprond, $2.50, Mr. A. Clark, $1.50, Bro. Thomas, $2.50, Bro. Hopkins, $1, Sister Mitchell, All of Nanaimo, Mr. Birdwell, Victoria, $3

Mrs. Bell, Bro. Bell, Bro. Bell, Bro

ORIGINAL SONGS.

WALK THE NARROW WAY!

TUNE—"*Call me back again.*"

AUXILIARY 212, Prince Albert, N. W. T.

1 Long, long I dwelt in sin and death and shame;
Long, long the way of worldly joy I trod;
Until I heard the voice of Jesus calling,
"Poor sinner, come, oh! come to God!"
Come, oh! come to God!
Come, oh! come to God!
Oh sinner, turn, repent, believe in Jesus,
And wash your garments in the saving blood!!

But still I strove; old habits still enchained me;
Old friends would smile; the world was sure to frown;
But victory came! the devil ceased to claim me!
For at the cross I cast my burden down!!
Cast your burden down!
Cast your burden down!
Oh sinner, come and at the cross of Jesus
Cast all your sin, your weary burden down!

And now my heart is filled with joy and gladness;
I sing of Jesus and His love all day;
Old things are gone, I've love instead of badness,
And through the blood I walk the narrow way!
Walk the narrow way!
Walk the narrow way!
Oh sinner, turn, and in the blood of Jesus,
Just now be washed and walk the narrow way!

A FRIEND IN JESUS.

BY SISTER J. COKLEY, GLADSTONE, MAN.

TUNE—*Bonnie Charlie, or, My Saviour suffered on the tree.*

2 Jesus, the Friend of all mankind,
And Saviour of this sinful world;
He left His home on high for me,
And suffered death on Calvary's tree.

CHORUS.

He died for you, He died for me,
On the cross of Calvary,
That we from sin might be set free
And reign with Him eternally.

Oh, sinner, will you come to-day?
Accept this Saviour while you may!
A Friend like Him you never knew,
Will you not accept Him now?

Oh, do you hear His loving voice?
He is calling lord to you to-day;
Oh, will you make the precious choice?
Hasten, sinner, come away.

You who once were born of God,
But to-day deny His name,
You're trampling on the Saviour's blood,
Will you not come back again?

MERCY STILL.

BY WM. M'LAUCHLIN, PARIS.

TUNE—*Elim Hawn.*

3 Oh sinner, now to Jesus come,
He waits to pardon thee;
Though far away in sin you've strayed,
There's mercy still for thee.

CHORUS.

We have no other argument.

Though you have spurned His offered grace,
And called Him to the tree,
With outstretched hands to save He stands,
There's mercy still for thee.

There on the Cross He bowed His head,
And died for you and me;
Oh, come and serve this blessed Lord,
He'll be a friend to thee.

NOW IS THE TIME.

BY CAPT. JAS. FORMAN.

TUNE—*There is sweet rest in heaven.*

4 Oh, wanderer, far from your God,
And on sin's downward road,
Will you not heed the warning
Sent down from heaven by God?
The Judgment Day is coming,
Before Him you shall stand,
To enter into glory,
Or be forever banished.

CHORUS.

There's mercy still for thee.

Oh, do you choose to perish
By going on in sin,
Since Christ, the Prince of Glory,
Has died your soul to win?
He shed his blood so precious,
On Calvary's awful tree;
He languished and He suffered,
From sin to set you free.

Oh, come while He is calling,
Come, ere it be too late,
And you are shut forever
Outside of heaven's gate.
Come while there still is mercy,
And Jesus says there's room,
Lest you by Christ rejecting,
Receive the sinner's doom.

DON'T PROCRASTINATE.

BY CAPT. M. M'KEEN, TREDFORD.

TUNE—*Old musician's harp; or, The Gospel ship.*

5 "I am tired," sighed a captive,
"Of sin's dark and guilty chains;
I would fain be in a soldier,
But I'd join all earthly pains.

CHORUS.

"I will come perhaps to-morrow,
But I cannot come to-day,
And I'll pray and ask the Saviour
For to take me not away."

Many years of bright to-morrows
Rolled o'er the captive's head,
But he still refused the Saviour
Till troubled sorrow fled.

Then he woke in bitter sorrow,
No more mercy were in view,
For to-day he lay a dying,
To-morrow was eternity.

Then he cried, "Where is the Saviour
I refused for polish gains?"
But the answer came sadness brought him
Only shrieks and hellish pains.

So he died who'd oft had mercy
Pressed into his earthly cup,
By the power of Him he slighted,
Now in hell he is shut up.

2ND CHORUS.

Don't put off until to-morrow,
Jesus and your soul to save to-day;
Wisdom learn from those who suffer
From the billows of delay.

THE SALVATION ARMY IS AFTER THE LOST.

BY "RED," NEAR RIVERS.

TUNE—*In your name written there; or, Hiding in Thee; or, In mansions of glory.*

6 The Salvation Army is after the lost,
And striving to save them whatever the cost;
And as it has started it means to press on,
Until all the world for King Jesus is won.

CHORUS.

Is your name written there,
Is your name written there,
In the Book of God's Kingdom,
Is your name written there?

The Salvation Army is after the low,
And into the alleys and slums it dats go;
No outcast will be by the Army passed by,
But our soldiers to save them will have a good try.

The Salvation Army goes out on the street,
The degree of the drift and sin there to meet;
They speak, sing, and pray, and lift Jesus to view,
And it is all because they are saved to so do.

The Salvation Army is marching to heaven,
Where bright crowns of glory to each will be given;
If faithful we are in the ventures below,
Well land safe at last where no pain we will know.

COME.

TUNE—*Oh, what'll sinner do up for Jesus.*

7 Oh, why not come to Jesus,
To souls of sin bound down,
And claim through Christ the victory
Over sin and near a crown.

CHORUS.

Christ died for you and me,
That from sin we might be free;
Oh why not come to Jesus
Who died for you and me?

Turn from the world to Jesus,
Cast all your sins away;
Oh do not go on heedless,
But repent while yet you may.

Come and claim the Saviour's promise,
Of power to burn sin's chain;
Come, leave your every idol,
And He will take you in.

SAVED AND KEPT.

BY MAY LANG, PETERBORO'.

TUNE—*Oh, no, nothing do I bring!*

8 Once my heart was black with sin,
But the blood of Jesus saved me;
Now the Saviour I've within,
That the precious blood does cleanse me.

CHORUS.

Oh, no, nothing do I bring,
But by faith I'm clinging!
To my Cross, oh, Lamb of God,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me!

All my doubts and fears are gone,
Through the precious blood of Jesus;
I will praise Him all day long,
For by His blood He saved me.

Now I am kept by grace divine,
Through the precious blood of Jesus;
I am free, and He is mine,
Through the precious blood of Jesus.

All the Way Round.

WHAT THE "CRYS" HAVE TO SAY.

NEW ZEALAND, Dec. 24th, '92.

This is the Xmas CRY, and presents quite an artistic appearance. The cover has the facts much credit on the editor and his assistants. It consists of four pages, one of which is decorated with a border of the photos of the New Zealand Staff, Officers, and Soldiers, and a delightful looking Headquarters in the centre. "The History of Headquarters," by the editor, is very interesting and presents in a very concise form the work and advances that have been made at the centre of operations for the past twenty, three or four cwts illustrative of the Printing Department, note off the page.

In contrast of the foregoing, the Sub. recalls a few memories of old days, the former headquarters. The Colonial Bulletin contributes a very practical article under the heading of "God's Christmas Box to Men, or Man's Box to God."

A serial cut representing a cyclone, with an article entitled, is taken from the New York *Cry*. "Early Day Happenings" contributions to by so famous the least significant or interesting of the issue, in which the writer recalls the arrival of the first officers who opened fire on New Zealand, Capt. Pollard and Lieut. Wright (now Colonel and Major respectively) commenced the work in Dunedin. It gives long engagement experienced a good deal of practical handling; but Dunedin changed, and to-day the Army stands as one of the most potent factors in influencing men to God.

A very nice page is made up under the heading of "Three Knights of the Quill," in which a rough sketch of the offices of the Salvation Army Headquarters is given; while, on the opposite page, under "Modern Jonah's Are," a similar review of three officers of the Salvation Staff appear.

"Will it pay, or how much percent?" is characteristic of Colonel Bailey, who, if anything, is at any rate practical. The above quotation is the heading of one that is noted millionaire applied to every business transaction. The Colonel of course applies to the higher or more important sphere.

Staff Capt. Adjutant, writes of his first impressions of Maoriland, is lavish in his praises of New Zealand in general, and has evidently taken to the Maori and earn to live with the country. In reading this, we can hardly regard the Adjutant as a Staff Capt. Fisher should occasionally indulge in a panegyric on his native land. Among other well written articles, the following contributions may be mentioned "Last Christmas on the Christmas Cruise," "Jack of all Trades," "Jack of all Trades," "Early Memories of West Coast Warfare," "Not a Christmas Cake," "No Christmas Cake," etc., all of which deserve mention did space permit. Altogether, this issue compares very favorably with any of our foreign contemporaries, its twenty pages being full of spicy and interesting matter.

ENGLAND, Jan. 21st, '93.

The English *Cry* is getting more and more alive. There is a life-like tone about its illustrations that almost speaks. The front page of this issue is devoted to several scenes illustrative of the life of Design Assist Chickford, whose career as a Salvationist has evidently been successful, and is studded with startling incidents of marvellous conversions and salvation work. A somewhat blood-curdling description of the attack upon the Army in parts of London appears under the heading of "The Horrors of one-roomed life in London."

Mrs. Booth-Tucker contributes a very able and practical article on "Woman's part in the war," which will be read with interest by the prudy by Salvation Jonn's of Arc.

The Commissioner's last part in his series of "Our Overseas" runs the Editorial gauntlet, that one of the events of the year will be the General's visit to the United States and Canada. Three cheers and a tiger for the General. The Chief also alludes to the difficulties in Finland, in which the action of the Russian authorities is anxiously awaited.

CANADA, Feb. 11th, '93.

The front page is a representation of the forewarner who declared himself "A voice in the wilderness." On either side of him rise lofty mountains. The echoing of his utterance are carried from peak to peak. The Editor has supplemented the typical front page with a very practical article in which the stern question faces the reader, "Are you a voice or are you an echo?" Adjt. Collier has evidently got well under way on the platform judging from his animated appreciation of the more lively proceedings of the crowd behind him, the power has come evidently. Another interesting series of "Historical Events" appears in this issue, in the form of "The First Life Guards' March," which is contributed by Colonel McKin, and gives a graphic and thrilling description of that wonderful march which aroused excitement and enthusiasm to a tremendous pitch in several of the largest cities and towns in England.

By the way, another series commences with this issue, "My first appointment and my impressions at the Army," which will recall to the minds of a large number of our warriors some interesting reminiscences of their early days as officers.

UNITED STATES, Feb. 4th, '93.

For the benefit of that great "cry" of an audience which has not been introduced to to trying and tedious ordeal of the court, our contemporary in this issue introduces the reader with an idea of the proceedings of the said institution. The interesting and enthusiastic demonstration which in conjunction with the Commissioner's visit to Boston, on which occasion Adjutant Pollard secured a contribution of $1,000 towards the future operations. For several weeks the Editor and department in Headquarters have been wrestling the difficulties and difficulties of their respective positions. This week the editor-in-chief gives the department a rebuke, announcing a number of his doleful visitors to come to a period. The rebuke are were in the Editorial Department; but it seems the Editor fault a thousand applauds, and where one in a critical eye over the change of the Editorial department of finding something to take exception to, a thousand applauds the Editor's doings and the Army. For one letter that reaches the Editor calculated to discourage the toilers there, a thousand reaches him which the reader of his assistants take courage and heal their heads a little lower for their pains. This is much of a machinery evidently in the separate of all salvation journalists.

Repeated allusions are made concerning Bishop Brooke, late Episcopal Bishop of Boston, Mass. The deceased Bishop has publicly claimed his admiration of Army work, and a letter contained in the same paragraph gives warm expressions of his sympathy for the Army.

CALIFORNIA, Jan. 28th, '93.

This issue is principally devoted to a consideration of the tobacco habit, and the share it so often brings to those who are lured into its grip, by its paving the way to more dangerous habits. In this connection a good deal of thought and artistic ability. Statistics are given to show the immense amount of money wasted in this ridiculous and sensual indulgence.

The paper set up and the bulk of the matter is some form or other renders this issue a distinct creation in the *Cry* series.

AUSTRALIA, Dec. 17th, '92.

The Holiness Campaign again occupies the front and claims no small portion in this issue. We have endeavored to keep our readers pretty well posted upon the progress of this great crusade.

The Editorial Department at the Antipodes is evidently much interested in the Canadian *Cry*, as we find a number of references scattered over the pages. We are sorry to find Canada's Official Gazette affords such interest to our country.

A column, "Lazy Saints," is reprinted from the Canadian *Cry*, which our contemporary acknowledges with thanks.

AFRICA, Dec. 31st, '92.

This neat, clean and interesting eight page comes to hand brighter than ever. The first page is adorned with a cut illustrating seven personalities, which, we presume, are certainly fame. A very appropriate article is commenced on the cut, in which the reader is acquainted with the question as to his salvation.

A new departure comes with the issue, the Editor having asked the question, "Can drink traffic be cast out?" Several communications in reply have been received, the possibility of this accomplishment by enough for certain conditions.

The Salvation Self-denial Cay has reached the Editor, which he regards with most pleasure, and alludes to it in the following:—

"A roaring tornado in Swaziland," is the heading of a sensational report from which we pull the following extract:—

"On Monday, the 5th inst., about five o'clock in the afternoon, there came a gale blow from the South. It was first seen as a huge black cloud travelling in a northerly direction, and we thought it threatened thunderstorm, and when from the inhabitants knew of its arrival. It blew the roof off our new Headquarters, carrying three of the beams quite a distance from the house, smashing the latter into several pieces, portion of it a distance of fifty yards, the beams being about fifteen feet long, six inches wide, and three inches thick. Some of the iron sheets of corrugated iron were carried even farther than that."

INDIA, Jan. 2nd, '93.

An account of Colonel Rehanda Ram's Gujarat sponsors, has been lately attended with marked success and blessing. We call prayerfully.

Colonel Hubant and her staff arrived into Khaira. They were met outside the town by the church and school band and escorted to their places beneath the banyan-tree. A procession of welcome followed the air as our leader took her seat and Enoian Gulab placed a garland of flowers round her neck. Hail Mary, a testimony followed, and a good address by the Colonel, translated into Gujerthi by a member of the Staff, expressing her joy at being with us and her desire to do her very utmost for the salvation of Gujarat, for whom people she had the greatest love.

STAFF-CAPTAIN MRS. SIMCO

(Recess Secretary)

WILL VISIT AND CONDUCT

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENTS

AS FOLLOWS:—

MARKHAM.....Sat., Sun.... Feb. 18, 19
STOUFFVILLE.....Monday..... " 20

Mrs. Simco will have a supply of

WASHING TEXTS

for sale, made in the Recess Home. These are nicely got up, and no soldier's home should be without one.